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THE
OCEAN HARP:

A POEM;

IN TWO CANTOS:

WITH

SOME SMALLER PIECES;

AND

A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN SYNG DORSEY, M.D

BY THE AUTHOR OF

LORD BYRON'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND, PILGRIMAGE TO

THE HOLY LAND, AND OTHER PIECES.

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JAN.-28.-1904

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY M. THOMAS.

J. MAXWELL, PRINTER.

1819.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fifth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1819, *Moses Thomas*, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

The Ocean Harp; a Poem; in two Cantos: with some Smaller Pieces; and a Monody on the Death of John Syng Dorsey, M.D. by the author of "Lord Byron's Farewell to England," "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," and other Pieces.

In conformity to the act of congress of the United States, intituled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

DAVID CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PRELIMINARY ADVERTISEMENT.

THE domestic perplexities which involved the happiness of lord Byron, and which gave a more desperate tinge to the misanthropy of his muse, occurred in the commencement of the year 1816, somewhere about the time of the publication of his "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina." To recapitulate matters of such universal notoriety would be little better than an idle waste of time: every necessary purpose will be effected by a simple reference to the affair, and a brief notice of the immediate effects which resulted from it, as they relatively bear upon the avowed objects of this advertisement.

Narratives of matrimonial infelicity are greatly obnoxious to every generous mind; and he who lends himself to their publication, from that moment becomes a pander to the worst passions of the human heart. Envy and slander are always vigilant to catch the slightest whisper of complaint, that they may give it a greater consistency of cadence, and explode it

upon society; and the malignant invective to which the eminent station of lord Byron exposed him, on this unhappy occasion, was perhaps as severe a tribute as ever genius paid to the tyranny of fame. To the premature circulation of distorted facts and exaggerated statements may be attributed the gradual widening of a breach which, but for those, the interchange of concession and forgiveness would have re-closed in its commencement; and thus the misery of years would have been spared to a husband, amongst whose faults, indifference to his wife was the least discoverable; and to a wife, whose greatest errors were imbecility of resolution and a defective confidence in her husband.

The legal instrument of separation was signed by lord and lady Byron, in the month of April 1816; and, immediately afterwards, his lordship quitted England, to take up his residence on the European continent. For some weeks previous to this event, the two poems, on his domestic circumstances, had been circulated in manuscript, and had subsequently made their way to the public, through the medium of the daily press; and the intended emigration of the noble poet had, consequently, become a topic of general conversation in all the circles of polished life.

It was at this time that the author of the "FAREWELL TO ENGLAND," at the request of a few friends with whom he was associated in a literary *coterie*, produced that hasty and trifling composition, as a speculative anticipation of that which was expected from the pen of lord Byron. The piece was honoured with the praise of individuals whose approbation is more than fame; and its immediate publication, in its present form, was the consequence of a kindly intended, but perhaps censurable officiousness, on the part of one of those friends to whom it was communicated, and who put it to press without the knowledge of the author. That the flattering reception which it met with, should, afterwards, have prevented him from removing the film from the public eye, and from claiming his own, was, perhaps, in no wise, extraordinary. Neither lord Byron nor his friends disowned it; no rival production appeared to destroy its authenticity, nor to check its progress; it was called for extensively, and read with avidity; and, in a French garb, it was honoured with the approbation of the Parisian critics. Subdued by the armour of Achilles, the Trojan hosts rushed from the sword of Patroclus:—the critics, blinded by the borrowed splendor of Byron's name, dropped their feathered lances, and relinquished to the author of this effusion a triumph to which he had no moral pretension.

The three minor pieces, which were appended to the "Farewell to England" in the London edition, were collected by the assiduity of the person before alluded to, from manuscript scraps, which the author had written on some other occasions.

The "PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND" was published in the summer of the same year. The subject of this poem was proposed to the author by his publisher, whose cupidity had been strongly excited by the eagerness with which every description of Palestine was perused by the public. No reference to lord Byron accompanied the suggestion; and to the condition of the completion of the task in ten days or a fortnight, was attached the offer of a handsome pecuniary consideration: the contract was made, and the task was accomplished; but it was not until the appearance of the poem in public, that the author discovered he had been a second time made the instrument of a deception in which his will had taken no part. Whatever parallelism of character may be discoverable, between the "Flavius" of this production and lord Byron, must be considered as purely accidental: without aspiring to an arrogant rivalry of genius with the noble poet, the author may be

allowed to claim a certain correspondence of *feeling*, a slight and partial relationship in poetic *disposition*.

When this publication made its appearance, lord Byron had left England, and was resident at Geneva; but his bookseller in London, stimulated, doubtless, by a laudable desire to vindicate his noble patron's fame, as well as by the apprehension that his own immediate interest might suffer from the appearance of a rival publisher of poems, under the name of his lordship, applied for, and ultimately obtained an injunction from the lord chancellor, in consequence of which the name of lord Byron was expunged from all the subsequent editions of the poem.

The effect of this measure was perhaps directly the reverse of that contemplated by Mr. Murray. Many of those individuals who dictate laws for taste, and regulations for opinion, cried up the "Pilgrimage" as a poem of no ordinary stamp; and conjecture, in vain, attempted to penetrate the obscurity with which the author had surrounded himself. In the mean time the success of the production kept pace with the march of curiosity, and the avarice of the publisher was gratified.

“The Anti-Jacobin Review”* declared that it possessed “strong claims to an elevated rank among the publications of the day,” since it contained “evident marks of genius of no common cast.” At the same time its political tendencies were noticed in terms of appropriate reprobation by the editor of that review—himself one of the most conspicuous retainers and indefatigable advocates of an administration upon whose corruptions he fed and fattened.

By the “Monthly Review,” the poem was awarded a tribute of still more flattering and specific approbation. “We have not for a long time,”† writes the Editor, “encountered a more extraordinary effusion than the present.” “The author describes the coasts of Spain, Portugal and Mauritania; or, rather he touches on the moral qualities of the inhabitants of each, with a pen rivalling (yes, almost rivalling) the facility of that of a Goldsmith.” To this criticism is added an eulogetic estimate of the poetical powers of the author, and a declaration that, with a trifling attention to certain prescribed rules he would soon

“bear no token of the sable streams,

“But mount far off amid the swans of Thames.”

* Vide Anti-Jacobin Review, November or December, 1817.

† Vide Monthly Review, April, 1818.

Without unnecessary amplification, it may be permitted to the author to add to this statement that the poem entitled "JACQUELINE," which is also published in the works of lord Byron, is the production of Mr. Rogers, to whose pen the world is also indebted for "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY." This fraud upon the public most probably originated with the bookseller of lord Byron; who, with a view to place it at a still greater distance from detection, included the fiction alluded to, in the volume which contained "LARA;" in order that, being united in their birth and their form, they might be passed upon mankind as the offspring of one muse. There was a manifest disingenuousness in this proceeding, which offers a fair set-off to the deception practised on society by the publisher of the "Farewell to England," the "Pilgrimage to the Holy Land," and the three minor pieces.

For the first time, the true statement of the case is now sent forth to the world. All the thousand faults which the microscopic eye of criticism has discovered, but of which the awe of genius may have hitherto prevented the development, can now be fearlessly exposed, and all the poisoned arrows of those who

"have for wits, and then for poets past,"

and who have next become the self-created *aristarchi* of the age, may be levelled, perhaps with impunity, against the unnatural parent, whose deserted bantling has thus been introduced to society as the offspring of titled talent.

January, 1819.

PREFACE.

THERE are situations in which man is sometimes placed where, whatever may be the native ardor of his imagination, the rigid intensity of feeling will so repress the workings of the fancy, and manacle the proper disposition of the mind, as effectually to suspend the functions of the faculties of wit and intelligence. A crowd of images rushing simultaneously upon the sight, necessarily creates a confusion in the orb of vision, and renders its perception hurried and indistinct; so a flood of excited passions, precipitated from the region of the heart, deluges the retina of the brain, and destroys the clearness and harmony of its operations.

Perhaps there is no circumstance more calculated to produce this intemperance of sensibility than that of emigration from a land upon which the unclosing eye threw its earliest glance, where the awakening sympathies of nature were first employed, where youth formed its sportive associations, and manhood learned to appreciate the charms of love or friendship. Such an

event constitutes an epoch in the calendar of life. The magic powers of the pencil may call forth from the canvass the groupés of weeping fugitives, as

“Downward they move, a melancholy band,
“Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand:”—

in the glowing numbers of poesy, that hour may be pictured to the mind's eye,

“When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
“Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
“And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
“For seats like these beyond the western main;
“And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
“Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!”

But the sudden and tremendous disruption of the most powerful feelings of the heart, which takes place at such a momentous period—the tumultuous swell of passions chartered to rebel—the silent sinking of the softer affections—the aching effort of the eye strained to catch the lingering shadow of the object most beloved—the suffocating gush of sorrow which breaks the sound of the last farewell:—all the mightiest potencies of the imitative arts are weaknesses here; nature as-

serts her prerogative even at the peril of her being, and looks contemptuously upon the futile forgeries of the most daring genius.

And after all, however persecution may urge, and oppression drive, it is much easier for a man to transport his person, than to transplant his affections from one country to another. These are plants of such a tenderness of nature that, once torn from their native soil, they require much time and careful cherishing before they will take root in a new earth and under a new atmosphere. While recollections of past pleasures are fresh upon the brain, the strength of habit will exhibit no sensible marks of decay; and consequently the hermit-heart will be conscious but of few and faint yearnings towards objects which it yet lacks the means to appreciate correctly; and it is generally the case, when new associations and engrafted feelings have blunted the edge of remembrance, and given a new direction to the passions of the breast, that the original attachments of the soul do not entirely subside, but settle down into a pensive tranquillity of affection which death alone can destroy.

These remarks have been introduced, not so much for the purpose of extenuating any inaccuracies of con-

ception or versification which may be detected in the following pages (although the circumstances referred to might fairly be admitted as a plea in mitigation); as to lead on some observations respecting the causes of the increasing emigration from England to America at the present time.

That there is great wealth in Britain it would be absurd to deny; but it is equally obvious that this wealth is very partially distributed among the community. The overwhelming mass of public debt, which swallows an annual interest of from forty to fifty millions sterling, is a perpetual source of oppressive taxation; and, independent of this regular outgoing, as the ordinary expenditure of the government may be taken at near forty millions, the aggregate of the revenue to be provided reaches an enormous amount.

To raise the means for this lavish application, independent of the proceeds from the departments of the customs and the excise, and the stamp office, heavy imposts are laid on every article of life. The tax upon windows bears a proportion of about one fourth to the whole rent of a house. There are besides duties upon the house, servants, dogs, armorial bearings, carriages, horses; and all these are independent of the city or pa-

parochial imposts, such as wateh, lamp, scavenger, &c. and of the enormous indirect taxes paid in the purchase of every commodity, whether of real or artificial necessity.

Upon the land occupier, however, the burden falls with the greatest weight; for, leaving out of the estimate all the taxes above described, which he has to pay in common with others, the poor's-rate in many districts of England, exceeds the amount of the annual rent of farms by one third, and in some, by one half:—for instance, the rent taken at 300*l.* per annum, the charge for poor's-rate varies, in such cases, from 400 to 450*l.* a year. “In a variety of instances,” according to information laid before parliament, in the year 1816, “the farmers who lately paid to these rates, have been obliged to give up their farms, and are actually become paupers themselves, and receive parochial allowances like other paupers; and this increased burden in many parishes occurs while some farms are unoccupied or run waste.”

By order of the house of commons, the board of Agriculture, in the same year, circulated through the country a variety of queries, for the purpose of ascertaining the agricultural state of the kingdom. Out of

two hundred and seventy-nine answers as to the *state of occupation*, one hundred and forty-nine letters mentioned farms, unoccupied by tenants, being thrown on the landlord's hands; and seventeen others enumerated farms which had become uncultivated, for want of being occupied by the landlords.

On the subject of *notices to quit*, the answers were two hundred and sixty-five: in ninety-four letters, the expression was, "*many* farmers have given notice to quit:" in ninety, "*several* or a *few* have given notice:" in nineteen, "*all that can* have given notice."

With respect to *reduction of rents*, one hundred and ninety returns were received, specifying the proportionate reduction, the average being twenty-five per cent. The land rents of the kingdom are estimated at thirty-six millions, and the loss of twenty-five per cent would reduce them to twenty-seven millions; but, independent of this deficiency, the amount of unpaid arrears is enormous.

The general state of husbandry at this period, was deplorable in the extreme: bankruptcies, seizures, executions, imprisonments, and farmers become parish paupers are particularly mentioned in language denoting extreme distress and absolute ruin. The want of

employment for the labouring poor had diffused misery and wretchedness to an alarming degree. During an interval of three or four years, the average increase in the poor's-rate, according to one hundred and twenty-nine communications, was *forty-two* per cent.

From these terrifying statements the inferences must be decisively against the expectation of that rapid improvement in the state of English agriculture, which had, for some years previous, taken place. The immediate effect of the distress which prevailed, is the general neglect of the use of all purchased manures, together with a discharge of labourers formerly employed, to an amount which must considerably affect the future cultivation of the soil. The more remote consequences must be a sensible defectiveness of produce, a corresponding advance in the price of the necessaries of life, and a progressive aggravation of those miseries which, in their present extent, are scarcely tolerable.

In such a state of things, the English farmer, finding himself unable to oppose any effectual resistance to the torrent of adverse circumstances at home, naturally grasps the hope of repairing his wasted means by the operations of his industry in some new region, where the fruits of exertion may not be perpetually destroyed by the mildew of excessive taxation. The

American continent opens to him an unbounded scope of facilities, as well as rewards, for laborious perseverance. It requires but a small share of resolution to alienate himself from enjoyments in which his poverty will not permit him to participate: to tear himself from the seat of his nativity, the scene of his habits and associations, the soil of his own cultivation, perhaps of his own creation, demands a sterner effort of fortitude. Probably in the moment of his hesitation, while hope is still inclined to linger on the possibility of some favourable change which may prevent him from severing himself from the connexions which years have cemented, the surly tax-gatherer knocks at his door, to repeat once more, in a tone of inhuman menace, the demand which had been often reiterated; and then, with a prison opening on one hand, and liberty, and at least the prospect of fortune on the other, his will coincides with his interest, and he bids a long farewell to the ungrateful soil which rejects his appeal for sustenance and support.

To discuss the effects which the increasing spirit of emigration may produce upon the situation of England would be to swell this preface to an unnecessary length, and to give it too much the air of a political disquisition. But it may not be irrelevant to remark that the

importation of so considerable an aggregate of industry, physical ability, enterprize, and wealth into this hemisphere, must influence consequences of the most brilliant importance to the march of American greatness. At this moment she appears as an immense reservoir of life, into which all the ducts and arteries of European strength are rapidly and regularly emptying themselves. And who can say where these tributary tides shall cease? What arrogance of speculation shall impose a limit on the growing strength of this new and interesting section of the universe? The eye of anticipation is lost in pursuing the expanding development of her political character, and in determining the station she is destined to fill in the map and nomenclature of empires. In the revolutions of ages, she may cover the ocean with her ships, and dispense laws and impart commercial prosperity to states which now assume to look down upon her with contempt; and, like the Roman republic, receive homage from thrones, and count monarchs in the train of her vassals.

That the British ministers are not without serious apprehensions as to the effects which may ultimately be produced by this extensive emigration, is sufficiently clear in the tone adopted by their hired newspapers, which, according to their instructions, are ever and

anon sighing forth their hypocritical lamentations over those *deluded* individuals who have been tempted to leave the *solid comforts* of an European home, for the *Canaan* of the *western wilderness*. Studied misrepresentation, however, although it may be a very fit instrument of corruption and despotism, is seldom an effectual one. In consequence of the vast bodies of emigrants who have reached this country, and communicated their reports to those who yet remain in a state of indecision; the real facts are daily developing themselves through multiplied and multiplying channels, to the utter discomfiture of ignorant prejudice and interested falsehood. Would the British government put a stop to emigration, it must be checked by the adoption of a sounder system of domestic policy, by an immediate and effectual abridgment of the pension list, by a reduction of the military establishment, and the introduction of a controlling principle of rigid economy in all the departments of the state, in the room of that prodigality and that corruption which have produced the existing distresses.

England holds out to her farmer a tenure burdened with ruinous taxes, which necessarily cramp his efforts in the cultivation of the soil: America, for a less sum than a year's rent of a farm beyond the Atlantic, gives

to her husbandman the free simple of his land, accompanied by a comparative freedom from taxation. In the British government the influence of the crown has increased, is increasing, and aims at an absolute sway, while the weight and authority of the people suffer diminution in an equal proportion; a military force is on most occasions suffered to supersede a civil police, and the money extorted from the subject is applied to his own enslavement. The influence of the American citizen in his government, gives him a substantive degree of independence; the extent of taxation to which he is subjected, instead of paralyzing his industry, serves as a stimulus to his exertions; want and wretchedness are only the necessary heritage of indolence and depravity; no predatory band of pensioners and placemen, beyond the limit of political expediency, demands the superior moiety of his earnings; no revenues for royal pomp, no courtly pageants extract their aliment from his wasted means; no tithesmen decimate his harvest. Striking indeed is the contrast! The glory of Britain has passed its meridian, and shapes a declining course: the sun of Columbia majestically rises above the political horizon, and distant nations mark its increasing splendor with envy and apprehension. May its beams shine to the remotest shores of the world; and may ages beyond the calculation of fancy find cause to rejoice in its radiance!

THE
OCEAN HARP.

CANTO I.



TO
HUMPHREY HOWORTH, Esq. M. P.
&c. &c. &c.

BERKLEY SQUARE, LONDON.

MY DEAR SIR,

Although the waters of the Atlantic roll between us, they have not the power to éfface one of those moments of delightful intercourse, which memory loves to cherish; and as those atoms of time derived their chief delight from your presence, so the recollection of them would be necessarily imperfect and unsatisfactory, did it not bring back your image to “my mind’s eye,” and all the amiabilities of your character to my heart.

Indepndent, however, of all personal feeling, when I review your inflexible integrity in the British Parliament, during a long succession of years, uniformly opposing that system of corruption, and that march of despotism, which menace not only the liberties, but even the political existence of our country, I know of none to whom, with greater propriety, I can address the following Canto.

Accept it then, my dear friend, as a blended tribute of public and private respect; and with it receive the assurance that neither distance of time, nor of situation, can qualify the sincerity with which I subscribe myself

Your faithful and devoted

Friend and Servant,

J. A.

Philadelphia, January, 1819.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CANTO I.

THERE is a spell of beauty on the deep—

A soothing, silent, solitary charm,
That chains th' imprisoned waters in their keep—
Of ocean's God, as if the viewless arm
Dropp'd on her curv'd and crystal architrave
And shed a torpid terror o'er the wave.—

There is a chasteness of repose—

A breathlessness—which midnight throws
Athwart such scene, when breezes fail,
And idly flaps the shivering sail—
When stars and planets lend their light
T' extend the loneliness of night,
And lead the wand'ring, wearied eye,
To lose it in eternity—
A tranquil holiness, whose birth
Disdains the slightest kin of earth—

Like that sweet dream of rest which plays
Around the drooping christian's gaze,
When Death hath cast his hideousness
And wears the countenance of peace—
That bounds the close of life's dull even,
And fills the interval to Heaven.
Oh gross of soul!—whose sensual taste,
'Midst such illimitable waste
Beholds no banquet—in whose breast
So feebly was the God imprest,
That impulses, divinely fair,
Wither in vile abortions there!
Be his that avarice of strife
Which bends him to the yoke of life;
The starry noon, the boundless sea
Are rapture, wealth, and life, to me;
My spirit wakes when others sleep,
Rife are my joys when others weep.
Lit by ethereal lamps I rise,
Fancy my wing, my path the skies;
Sail with the Pleiades round yon arch,
Mix in the planetary march,
And deem such maniac moment's reign
Outweighs an age of grovelling pain.

Chill as the dame of Hesiod's song,
Amidst her bright subservient throng

The virgin huntress speeds her way,
And casts abroad a chasten'd day;
Earthward no more she stoops to toy
On Latmos with the sluggard boy;
No more her kind and kindling beam
Can dissipate Endymion's dream;
Ages unnumber'd rounds have roll'd,
Desire hath droop'd, and Love grown cold—
Through the cerulean concave now,
As frigid, and as white as snow,
She holds her course; and coy and pale,
As in Gargaphia's ancient vale,
When, to her goddess nymphs, alone,
She scarce unbound her silver zone.
How sweet to mark her rapid flight
Beyond the tardy step of night,
To see the darkling fiend, in vain,
Toiling behind her splendid train,
Till distanc'd far, his gloomy surge
Hangs round the black horizon's verge,
And, as the morning rays appear,
Seeks a more kindred hemisphere.
Then bursts imagination's flame—
Desire of genius, thirst of fame
Wake in the breast, to powerful play
And melt the dregs of sense away:

Then soars the spirit, wildly borne
Above the shine of Cynthia's horn,
And steers its high ethereal flight
Through wastes and labyrinths of light:—
Or, where fairies deftly trip it,

O'er the valley's verdant breast,
While, beneath night's sable tippet,
Nature hides her emerald crest,
Borrowing from the "fire-fly's lamp"
Light to guide their mirthful tramp;
O'er the slumbering petals tripping,
Draughts of dew from daisies sipping,
Draining from the poppy-flower
All its drops of opiate power,
Brain of nymph and swain to steep
In the crystal charm of sleep;—
Or in light moscheto's guise,
Flitting where the lover lies,
And with sharp and sudden sting,
All his dreams discomfiting;
Snatching him from Fancy's bowers,
Fair with fruits, and fresh with flowers,
Where through golden channels stray
Streams, from jasper founts that play;
On whose margin sapphires grow,
Liquid pearls, like rills of snow,

Pouring stores of costly dew
Round their stems of radiant blue—
Breaking, with envenom'd lance,
All the tinsel web of trance;
All the fairy charms that threw
Error round the dreamer's view—
Snatching him from rapture's reign
Back to peevishness and pain:—
Then, when giddy elves are roaming;
Then, when midnight skies are glooming;
Caught from rhapsodies of care,
Buoyant on the turbid air,
Through the wakeful spirit's sphere,
Day-break opens, bright and clear;
Intellectual suns arise,
Darkness, dimness, dullness, flies;
Genius, Learning, Science, Taste,
(All the lights of life's long waste)
Fly, at Inspiration's call,
To her trophy-trelliss'd hall;
From the head th' ideas start;
Rush the passions from the heart;
Nature's self prepares the board,
Richly, amply, fitly, stor'd—
'Tis the noon of mind's control!
'Tis the carnival of soul!

So calm, so lovely was the night,
The ocean seem'd a realm of light,
Back in such silver groupings it gave,
The stars that kiss'd its mirror wave:
No trilling tide—no swell was seen
To break its ealm, continuous green,
But, mild as new-born infancy,
The midnight wizard trod the sea.
On the lone poop—the lyre unstrung
Which loosely o'er his shoulder hung—
Orlando paus'd, to watch afar
A light—'twas redder than a star—
On ocean's verge it seem'd to lie
Just where the surface meets the sky;
A beacon-blaze!—its lustres fell,
In eloquence of light to tell,
The Briton's "welcome" and "farewell."
Glancing from England's latest strand,
It told the limit of the land;
And there the wanderer's hope and heart
Felt all the ties of habit part,
The smile of kindred-friends decay,
And half life's vision melt away,
A tear of weakness—'twas the last,
A tribute to enjoyments past—

A trophy-gem, from passion's broil
Stern Memory's solitary spoil—
Just dimm'd the ardor of his eye,
Just 'woke the sympathetic sigh;
A moment swell'd—but wither'd soon,
Like spring-drop in the beam of noon—
A flash of soul—a thought of flame—
A glory, from the meteor fame,
Play'd round his heart, and soaring higher,
Sublim'd it to a glance of fire.

But hist! what glowing numbers sweep
The startled empire of the deep?
No shadowing cloud, no murmuring breeze
Breaks o'er the skies, or curls the seas;
Eurus yet fans some Parthian hill,
And all but melody is still.
Speechless no more, nor idly slung,
A reckless renegade from song,
Responsive to its master's hand,
Yon lyre, around its native land,
In soft alternate fall and swell,
Breathes out the lingering, long "*farewell!*"
Distant, indeed, the numbers pour
Their trembling cadence t'wards the shore—

Distant, in music's melting sigh,
Speak forth the wandering bard's "*good bye!*"
Their loudest chords shall fail to reach
The rocky height, or wave-wash'd beach;
But tribute sweet is parting tear
That falls on Friendship's funeral bier,
And if its dew-drop sink unseen,
It makes the cypress evergreen:
And there are numbers which impart
More rapture to the minstrel's heart
Than all Renown's imposing glare—
The pomp of Fame—can generate there;
Not when the lay is sprent with fire,
But when the heart speaks through the lyre;
And, though unheard the strain may roll,
It vibrates through the poet's soul;
And be it grief, or be it pleasure,
Life has no charm to match its treasure.

But hark! attracted by the sound,
The sportive breezes gather round,
From orient caves young zephyrs ply
Their hurried flight athwart the sky,
Sing through the shrouds, and lightly steep
Their pinions in the startled deep.

No more the ruddy beacon throws
Its glance o'er ocean's wide repose,
Swiftly its lingering light recedes,
From the last cape the vessel speeds,
And thus Orlando pours the lay,
As the bark cuts the rising spray.

CANTO I.

LAST of my native land, whose distant steep
Shines through the night, and triumphs o'er the deep—
Last of the isle I lov'd, till apes of God
Bestrode the soil, and wither'd where they trod—
Like the fiend-foot, whose scathe, where'er it trac'd,
Burnt up the glade, and stamp'd eternal waste—
Now, as yon lessening light dissolves from view,
Receive my plaint, my pity, and adieu!

Ye mountain sides, array'd in gorgeous green,
Where once the form of Liberty was seen—
And where, in some lone dell's neglected shade,
In later times the truant-goddess stray'd,
Nursing her faded hopes, till CHARLOTTE's reign
Should give them grace and energy again—
'Till as the dirge of death in mournful sound,
Oppress'd the breeze and shook the dingles round,
Scar'd at the knell, her tatter'd robe she caught
And wildly shrieking, vanish'd from the spot—

Ye darkling woods, and animated plains
Where Nature triumphs o'er a realm in chains—
Ye golden corn-fields, whence the noontide ray
Borrows a splendor to enhance the day,
And, in the broad meridian of his might,
Takes back in mellowness his loans of light—
Why still, like cluster'd pleasures, loth to part,
Hangs your rich imagery round my heart?
Why, as the clasping tendrils thence I tear,
Start forth new shoots to curl and conquer there?
A day once dawn'd—a morn without a cloud—
When of his English breed the boor was proud—
A day once dawn'd—when Slavery's baleful name
Stood lowest in the lexicon of shame;
And sordid tyrants, bearded by the brave,
What they refus'd to right, to vigour gave—
Night came—the glory of the land pass'd by,
And mangled Freedom sought a kinder sky!

Wo wait the spot—whatever climes dispense
The genial gifts of Heaven's munificence—
Wo wait the spot, where slaves degenerate cower,
And stab their manhood at the shrine of power;
Where lawless craft and impious pride, combin'd,
With barbarous fury, manacle the mind,

And every spark of intellectual day,
Touch'd by the mace of bondage, dies away.

Blush, dwindled race, unworthy to be free,
Who bend the neck, and bow the suppliant knee;
Whose grovelling souls no lofty purpose own,
Content to swell the pageant of a throne,
To wear the chain, despotic arts impose,
And owe what Nature gave to Nature's foes.
Whatever gloss your varnish'd fetters wear;
High though you prize the privilege to bear,
Though to your hands the teeming harvest waves,
Your fields are deserts, and yourselves are slaves!

E'en now, methinks, from many a bursting tomb,
In grim array, the sires of Britain come,
Each throbbing breast, and every gleaming eye,
Strain'd with revenge, and fir'd for liberty.
Bright blaze their falchions, and, that kings may read,
Writ on each temper'd blade, shines "RUNNYMEDE!"
The palsied throne no more its slaves commands—
Corruption's hydras—Flattery's fawning bands—
Ambition's madmen—Avarice, with his train—
Desert their idol, and forsake his fane.
In vain the bloated Bacchus looks for aid—
The bold betrayer, now, in turn betray'd.

Amid the wrecks of pomp remains alone
A speechless statue on a faithless throne.
See from his grasp the 'rod of empire falls,
His smile attracts not, nor his frown appalls—
As some stripp'd idol, round whose trunk no more
India's dark children revel and adore;
Whose batter'd phiz, distort from many a shock,
Down from a godhead dwindled to a block—
Spurn'd by its priests, a patient martyr lies,
Till on a fire-brand's wing it mounts the skies—
So, every badge of greatness banish'd far,
The purple rent, and quench'd the dazzling star.
Prone on the earth, the helpless Woden lies,
And, midst a cheer of curses, sternly dies.
The spell is riven; the talisman that crost
And marr'd a nation's mightiness, is lost;
Back from her exile Freedom wings her flight,
Her glance replete, her pinions tipp'd with light;
Peace and Content her right and left adorn,
And groaning Plenty drags her bursting horn:
From far and near enraptur'd legions come,
And shouts of millions hail the wanderers home.
Wide o'er the realm the spreading furor flies,
Darkness grows dim, and morning visions rise:
New energies reward the glorious toil,
Man walks abroad, the monarch of the soil;

For its own harvest labour tills the plains,
Surpassing suns enrich, and softer rains,
And Nature pours her blessings full and free,
To grace and swell a nation's jubilee.

Delusive power! whose fairy glance can throw
A brightening sun-tint o'er a night of wo;
Dress forth gay fiction in the garb of sooth,
And stanch with wizard webs the wounds of truth—
Why, swift as vapours shun the eye of noon—
Why melts thy realm of eestacy so soon?
When from thy crayon starts a scene so rife,
So rich in all the blandishments of life,
Has Wit no scheme, nor Art no power, to bind
The glossy vision to the ravish'd mind?
Still must each fabrie Fancy's hands have made
Like domes of fairy architecture, fade,
And, as the bubble on the billow's crest—
A dream of nature—vanish when carest?
Alas! ev'n now, the shade of Freedom's grace
Breaks from my sight, and moeks my vain embrace;
Oppression still maintains his despot throne
And rules—'midst bending slaves—the Mighty One!
Insulted Virtue, forc'd from power to fly,
In viewless solitudes retires to sigh;

Corruption pours abroad her hungry band,
And sordid Wealth partitions out the land.

See from his hamlet's lacerated walls,
Staggering with years, yon hoary peasant crawls;
Ten summers, eight times told, that form has won
The palm of triumph from the sluggard sun;
And e'er the vanquish'd night had made retreat,
Down those hill-sides commene'd his morning beat;
And there ten winter-tides, as often told,
His hands have stiffen'd in the withering cold;
And tears, which now and then would anguish speak,
Have harden'd into ice upon his cheek.
His thrifty dame, too, train'd to all but pride,
And vice, which ever panders at its side,
Hath toil'd till life's dull winter brought its train
Of mingled ills—of apathy and pain:
Why has not Heaven with riches crown'd their thrift?
Heaven gave—but tyrant man despoil'd the gift:—
Half of his produce claim'd the haughty state
To wage foul wars, and feed the needy great;
One tenth of all, the full-fed rector stole,
To pay with eare of flesh, the eare of soul;
The fritter'd wreck, with frugal care applied,
But ill suffie'd for labour to divide,

And give the humble pair, to life's near close,
The scanty means of being and repose.
True, there was *one*, who, in her evening round—
A seraph now—the peasant's cot had found:
They shar'd her bounty—for she knew their cares—
And gave in payment usury of prayers:
They lov'd to list her angel footsteps near;
Her voice was more than music to their ear;
And when she talk'd of Heaven, and bade them try
To learn that first of lessons—how to die,
From her dear lips so sweet the precepts fell,
That every accent prov'd she knew it well.
Ah, little ween'd the pair to whom she gave
The clue of faith and hope to pass the grave,
How soon the hour of Britain's grief should come,
When Heaven would call its high adopted home!

Yon care-worn plodder, in whose wrinkled brow,
And eyes with languid energy that glow,
The traces of ambition, ill-subdued,
Gleam through expression's wintry solitude;
Who seems, the vigour of existence past,
Still fain to toil and struggle to the last;
And through the paucity of years untried,
To earn the chissel'd epitaph—HE DIED!—

Why has he liv'd? Like countless fellow-fools,
To feed the pamper'd prodigal who rules;
And, gorg'd by greedy power his last supply,
Like other fools, to curse himself and die!
For him no golden horn disclos'd its store,
Still doom'd to toil, and grovel with the poor,
And, with an age's burden on his head,
Compell'd to earn or lack his daily bread.
There was a time—an interval of peace—
When Heaven had bless'd him with a small increase;
A few spare hundreds, resolutely sav'd
From many a storm industrious effort brav'd
His hand with prudent avarice had stor'd,
And toil paid daily tribute to his hoard.
But soon rapacious schemes demanded food,
And each must suffer for the general good;
Redoubled taxes, a consuming weight,
Fed, like a vampire, on the wasting state;
The hope of industry, the gain of years,
The fruit of pain, economy and tears,
The orphan's substance, and the widow's trust
Were melted down to Pow'r's insatiate lust.

As fairy dreams, which cheat the gloomy night,
Silvering the wings of darkness with delight,

The wearied soul with cobweb-toils ensnare,
And change to flowers the hellebore of care,
Till reckless morn leads on the sober day
And melts the visionary scene away;
So Hope dissolv'd, with all her splendid train,
And all again was penury and pain.

From plains, impoverish'd by the scathe of pride,
Wrongs unredress'd, or cravings unsupplied—
From cruel imposts' desolating weight,
And the stern tither's unrelenting threat,
Prepar'd for flight, but tardy still to fly
Those long familiar hopes which lure and lie—
What mournful groups, with downcast looks descend
The distant slopes, and o'er the beach extend!
Yon gray-hair'd husbandman no more shall till
His native fields, nor from the sun-burnt hill,
As day grows dim, in wonted accent call
The straggling herds, and drive them to the stall;
To distant wilds, whose sterile borders sweep
The long loud empire of the trackless deep—
To fallows, old as nature, where, till now,
The iron glebe ne'er yielded to the plough,
He points his course, though yet averse to go,
To change ev'n sure for speculative wo:

Close by his side, his trembling wife, whose tears
Bespeak her sorrows, and proclaim her fears,
Hugs her poor babe, whose playful smiles impart
A new and keener anguish to her heart——
“Hush thee, my child!”—her faltering lips would cry—
“Little thou know’st the cares from which we fly;
“And, perhaps, more fierce, the perils and the pain
“Which wait to rack us on that dismal main.
“And should thy mother die—in distant land,
“Who then will feed thee with a mother’s hand?
“Whose eye will mark thy little wants, and shine
“With grief or joy, as Nature kindles thine?”—
An aged sire, whose locks of silvery gray,
Around his wrinkled forehead seantly stray,
Not for himself defies the dang’rous wave,
Humble the boon his looks of languor crave—
An hour of light to cheer that filming eye,
A little space to turn himself and die—
He asks no more—save that his children round
Catch his last sigh, and bear him to the ground—
For this alone, in drivelling accents fell
From lips which time had bleach’d, the faint “farewell,”
His native cot still as he linger’d near,
And saw a stranger-footstep enter there.

Remoter still, a long and lengthening host,
With deepening shadows mantle all the coast.

Blent in one group, the poorest with the proud,
A motley, mute, and melancholy crowd—
Delusive visions Hope no more bestows—
Their birthright toil, and ruin their repose;
From scenes of youth, the bosom's cherish'd home,
And habit's social joys, compell'd to roam,
Some tears, at parting, down the cheeks that steal
In pride's despite, the bursting heart reveal,
And show, the palaces of feeling cleft,
One chamber, drear and desolate, is left,
On which, in fadeless characters remain
Those sybil syllables——“*the cell of Pain!*”

Still vaunting Britain proudly lifts her crest,
And boasts the exclusive privilege to be blest.
With her's, what code of laws can hold compare?
Who stands, like her, invincible in war?
In gaudy pomp, and gilded luxury,
What nation of the earth with her can vie?
Once matchless laws and valour were her own—
A happy people, and a pious throne!
But now, no more an Alfred's hands sustain
The well-pois'd balances of guilt and pain;
With vigorous checks restrain the ambitious few,
And safety's worn-out parapets renew.

What far-fam'd rights the historic muse conveys
From the dark chaos of unletter'd days—
Scatter'd by tyranny's destructive storms,
Like shadows fade, or live in hollow forms.
As echo oft survives some wasted tone,
Which ravish'd Nature fondles as her own,
And the ear clings to when the voice is gone—
They were—like sunshine in an April noon,—
As rich in hope, and in decay as soon—
A nation revell'd in the golden beam,
And half mistook for truth the specious dream;
But foul Corruption, earliest boon of hell,
With demon-fury, rent the dazzling spell,—
Laid waste the loveliness of Freedom's reign
And led back man to wretchedness again.

Her soil, exuberant with untimely graves,
Chang'd from the avenger to the nurse of slaves:
A foul increasing pestilence, she soars,
Death in her glance, and madness on her shores;
Green with one cancerous, universal wound,
And scattering poisonous epidemy round;
Where lordly despots forge the biting chain,
Her fleets, confederate, darken all the main,
To bear to latent climes Oppression's ban,
And crush the last best energies of man.

You recreant Gaul, the mammoth of his line,
 Ordain'd, by chance, legitimate, divine—
 Mean pander to the harlotry of power—
 The God—the fool—the glutton of the hour—
 With all of bigot, all of coward curst;
 The best of friars, but of kings the worst;
 Who in such hands the regal sceptre plac'd,
 In purple cloth'd him, and with empire grac'd?
 Who gave him right the rod of power to sway,
 And bent a realm to reverence and obey?
 Thine was the deed—despotic Britain!—thine—
 To crush an empire's hopes by "*right divine*;"
 In Freedom's breast to plant the assassin blow,
 And hang with rapture o'er each dying throe!
 Thine was the deed!—recorded will it stand—
 A beacon infamy—like that deep brand,
 Which on the brow of Cain in light'ning fell,
 And marr'd his visage with the stamp of hell—
 A blaze of shame, unquenchable with tears
 By penance dimm'd not, nor decay'd by years!
 Thou Cain amongst the nations!—branded—scarr'd,
 For rifled rights, and prospects thou hast marr'd—
 The curse is on thee—a perpetual blight
 Breathes in each breeze of thine, and girds each height;
 Disaster's touch cleaves withering to thy name,
 And *all* thy wreaths of glory change to shame!

The curse is on thee—all that golden spell
To which, beneath thy bidding, nations fell,
Fleets from thy grasp—the vision drops, and lo!
Remorse and ruin desolate thy brow.
In rashly daring, thou hast dar'd too much;
There is a blasting mildew in thy touch,
A black endemic, withering where it lights,
On the wide wilderness of human rights.
Thy noon thou hast surpass'd! Thy glory fades,
Like fearful flowers, from Hecate's gloomy shades.
Arm'd for thy fall—a world—a world prepares
A dread array of sanguinary wars;
Thy domes of wealth, by spoiler-hands defac'd,
Shall slowly moulder o'er the widening waste,
And Lust's lewd revels, and the drunkard's roar
Through their black halls reverberate no more.
The desert sites where cities once had stood,
Expanding vast in matchless solitude,
Shall teach the lesson of thy vigours shorn,
To regions yet unknown, and ears unborn;
Thy scatter'd hamlets down the vales shall nod,
Or stretch in smoking fragments o'er the sod;
The ewe no more shall heed the shepherd's call,
The ox possess no crib, the steed no stall,
Nor music's notes in softening strains distil,
O'er the broad lake, or round the echoing hill;

Through the dark woods shall awful stillness sleep,
Nor shadow break the sunshine on the steep—
Sterility and Silence, hand in hand,
Like sister-weirds, shall subjugate the land.

E'en now, unveil'd to Fancy's eye, appears
The long, dark train of unbegotten years:—
From the broad chaos of dissolving night,
Prophetic visions agitate my sight.
I see the wrecks of luxury and pride
Float down the stream of Time's unebbing tide:
My faltering step methinks some hermit leads
Where phoenix-flowers still grace the verdant meads—
Like wreaths of triumph, twin'd round Nature's brow,
When Art's frail laurels to destruction bow—
His tongue essays to speak—what years have past,
Since with its kind it held communion last!
Though, now and then, when Grief assum'd a tone,
And playful Echo answer'd to the groan,
The sound so pleas'd that, more in sport than pain,
He tempted oft the mimicry again—
“Mark that rude heap,”—the sage historian cries—
“There the proud palace of a Brunswick lies!
“The costly tapestry, the velvet floors,
“The gilded cornices, the crimson doors—

“ And all of pomp which sordid Wealth could buy,
“ Or Art’s ingenious providence supply,
“ In seatter’d piles their glittering glories blend,
“ And a last grace to desolation lend.
“ Yon massive fringe, which, through its marly crust,
“ Sheds a faint glare, and trembles into dust,
“ Struck from its mighty destiny, no more
“ Adorns the canopy it grac’d of yore;
“ The lizard’s palae now its rays enfold
“ In rich refulgent labyrinths of gold;
“ Or bid their sickly splendors faintly fall,
“ To grace the earth-worm’s solitary hall.
“ Slow round the mass the lonely owlet plies
“ Its leaden course through dim recumbent skies;
“ Or on some tottering fragment’s tapering height
“ Rocks with the breeze, and serenades the night.
“ Here sinks to earth the noble’s gorgeous seat—
“ There the long vestige of some costly street;
“ Beyond philosopher, or saint, or seer,
“ With silent eloquence subdues the ear,
“ And breathes a speechless epitaph around,
“ Far as its ruin trails along the ground.
“ Where yonder swamp still marks the ample bed,
“ Majestic Thames his wealthy waters led;
“ No more his tides commercial navies crest,
“ Nor greedy freights his winding shores invest.

“ Memory, thou chronicle of moments past,
“ Say on what eve that current ebb’d its last?
“ The timid day shot forth a baleful light,
“ No planet lent its lustres to the night;
“ Hills to their bases shook, and rifted rocks
“ Bent to the fury of a thousand shocks;
“ Array’d against herself strange Nature seem’d,
“ And every hour with sterner terrors teem’d;
“ The river swell’d—a black impetuous tide,
“ The lifeless streets with mortal blackness dy’d;
“ Rush’d through the flowery avenues of taste,
“ And chang’d the realm of beauty to a waste.
“ Then as the wide destruction swept away
“ The proud, the poor, the gray-beard and the gay,
“ Some frantic husband’s, or some mother’s shriek,
“ Above the tempest’s roar, would wildly break,
“ As the lov’d infant or imploring wife
“ Fell from the weak, relaxing hold of life,
“ And in one brief, yet intermitted prayer
“ Clos’d the revolting period of despair.
“ Still sped the ruin—where the earthquake stay’d
“ The sword a sanguinary harvest made;
“ Life-dreams, which had surviv’d the first despair,
“ At Slaughter’s chilling cry dissolv’d in air:
“ Horror held carnival, while vengeful man
“ Finish’d the work by juster heaven began.

“ Nations o’erthrown, the oppression of the opprest,
“ Like mangled members round a vulture’s nest,
“ The reeking wrecks of Britain’s fury stood,
“ Of Heav’n to claim the punishment for blood!
“ The frozen north pour’d forth her legions then,
“ From icy fortress, and the snow-roof’d glen,
“ Urg’d by pale Envy’s goad, Ambition’s lust,
“ To lay those island glories in the dust.
“ Athirst for war, round Russia’s varying coasts
“ Opposing climes pour’d forth unnumber’d hosts;
“ From cold Siberia’s unproductive heath,
“ The keen Tungusian snuff’d the smell of death;
“ The sturdy Kalmuc brav’d the dangerous deep;
“ Carpathia’s legions, from their native steep,
“ Slavonians, Fins, from Bothnia’s stubborn shore,
“ And Caspian tribes that milder realms explore,
“ Like moving forests, swept each swarthy plain,
“ And shed preecocious midnight o’er the main,
“ Drunk with excess of suffering, as the swell
“ Of madden’d menace on his mountains fell,
“ The patriot Pole, impatient to demand
“ An hour of vengeance for his fritter’d land,
“ Unbar’d his hungry falchion for the blow
“ And fed his soul on antepasts of wo.
“ Rous’d by the blast of universal war,
“ The gathering Danes came darkening from afar,

“ Their slaughter’d sires, and scatter’d wrecks that lay
“ In floating fragments, through their bounded bay,
“ Call’d for revenge, and pointed out the way.
“ Gaul’s haughty sons, fir’d with ignobler flame,
“ To strike a rival from the roll of fame,
“ And at one blow, the sturdiest and the last,
“ Win glorious recompense for failures past,
“ Shadow’d her shores, unloos’d the fluttering sail,
“ Once more oppos’d the billow and the gale,
“ To dye with desperate tints of native blood
“ Those chalky cliffs, and free the fetter’d flood.
“ The vaunting Spaniard, who beneath the stole
“ Of fiery honour, veils the coward soul,—
“ Of pride and bigotry the eldest born,
“ Heir of the world’s inevitable scorn—
“ Threw off his native apathy, and gave
“ His sword a charter to supply the grave.
“ The trembling Lusitanian, forc’d to feel
“ Valour’s reflected heat, unsheath’d his steel,
“ Yet shrank, half sear’d, upon its blade to trace
“ The pale reflection of his ghastly face.
“ From the dark wood, and everlasting plain,
“ Where mighty Danube apes the mightier main,
“ O’er beetling rocks whose swarthy forms diffuse
“ That witching gloom which Melancholy woos,

“ Hurls down his giant streams to vales that lie
“ A day’s long course remoter from the sky;
“ While from the trembling deep the cliffs beneath
“ Snatch the snow-surf, and mould to many a wreath,
“ Each sceptred German felt the wide control,
“ His *quota* rais’d to swell the wond’rous whole,
“ Laid petty feuds and jealousies at rest,
“ And join’d the legions of the long oppress.

“ As some fierce tyger, covetous of blood,
“ Year after year, usurps his native wood,
“ By day controls the tangling thicket’s maze
“ Or drinks from flowery dells the temper’d blaze,
“ And, as propitious twilight dims the glen,
“ Snuffs the near breath, and hunts the track of men,
“ Hangs round the reckless youth, for whom no more
“ Shall cheerful morn its golden glories pour,
“ Nor father’s smile expand, nor, prompt to bless,
“ Play round his heart the mother’s warm caress:—
“ Till rous’d at length, the ravag’d hamlet’s train—
“ Mildness and might—the stripling and the swain—
“ With strange unwonted shouts provoke the wood,
“ For conflict arm’d, and resolute for blood;
“ Quailing with fear, the startled monster hides
“ Deep in the mazy thicket’s thorny sides;

“ In vain he shrinks, the kindling brands inspire
“ The treacherous copse, and light his funeral pyre,
“ Or striving still for life, the ranc’rous dart
“ Reeks through the fractur’d fibres of the heart,
“ Closes the chase so valiantly begun,
“ And leaves the carcass bleaching in the sun.

“ Thus, like the savage, yet profounder far,
“ A bold empiric in the trade of war,
“ That tiger-isle, far as her glance could scan,
“ With misery marr’d the heritage of man;
“ Chains in her hands, and fury on her brow,
“ Pride in her soul—that pride how humbled now!
“ From shore to shore her scathing curse she threw;
“ The thirst of blood with each new banquet grew;
“ Justice cast down her scales; the seraph forms
“ Of Peace and Hope, before successive storms,
“ Wither’d, like roses in untimely frost,
“ Or blooming fruits by sudden mildew crost.
“ Then, from the range of Hyperborean isles,
“ To Crete’s fair verge, where gentler Nature smiles,
“ Pour’d the long hosts, that blacken’d all the sea,
“ Fir’d with revenge, and panting to be free.
“ Now o’er the sod, a ling’ring wreck she lies,
“ Shook by each breath that travels through the skies,

“ Sport of the storms that rave, the showers that fall
“ Till Time’s advancing darkness shadow all!”

Land of my sires!—and where life’s vision first
On these imperfect orbs, transporting, burst!
Land of my youth, whose verdant vales have seen
My footsteps totter o’er your glades of green—
In whose rich bowers all shades of bliss I knew
While round my head, the years unheeded flew—
Career’d the checker’d round of joy and strife
And felt the sunshine and the cloud of life—
Whose scenes still beam, refracted o’er my brain,
Like lights which cheer, but cannot warm again!
As the carv’d pillar, on some lonely waste,
Hist’ry’s proud column, and the tower of taste,
Speaks forth, in marble eloquence, the feat
Which slaughter’d hosts, and made the murd’rer great,
And, still unchang’d, by every change of time,
Lifts to the clouds its pinnacle sublime,
Gilt by the sun, or beaten by the blast,
The hoary orator of ages past—
On mem’ry’s granite, so the witching train
Of earlier years is shadow’d forth again:
When whirlwinds rave, or sunbeams temper strife,
As ebb and flow the blandishments of life—
Still to its images of raptures past,
The gloating brain hangs clinging to the last;

Culls from the wither'd paradise of youth,
The buds and flowers which blossom'd once in truth,
Renews their bloom, and, with its magic breath,
Creates an Eden on the slope of death:—
Spite of my rankling bitterness of will—
Land of mine infancy—I love thee still!
I love thee for the living lights that shine,
In graceful galaxy, round Learning's shrine!
I love thee for the stars of every age,
Which glance in dazzling gleams along thy page—
As mineral atoms 'midst encrusting earth
Betray the teeming mine that gives them birth;
Or glittering sands, by mountain-currents roll'd,
From sordid Afric's wilderness of gold,
Unfold their source—so names immortal shine;
Rich fragments quarried in a rock divine—
In genius' sphere resplendent suns they glow,
Dispensing mental light to all below:
Art—science—vegetates beneath their ray,
And dark, cold ignorance brightens into day;
Wild error's maze admits their dazzling clew,
And spreads its broken sophistries to view;
From east to west the brightening day-break flies,
All climes invades, and hails remotest skies;
Swift fades the latest trace of barbarous night,
And lingering prejudice dissolves in light.

Here Milton sung—what though the lyre be still:
Yet float wild echoes round its native hill;
The tottering peasant of yon lonely dell,
Where 'erst the strain of heaven was heard to swell,
Feels a rude pride, 'midst penury and care,
To tell the wandering world—"THE BARD LIV'D THERE
In matchless mastery, here a Shakspeare stood,
Moulding his images from field and flood,
All things in all their varied shapes combin'd
Recast—re-modell'd—from his mint of mind,
Stamp'd by eternal genius, rush'd abroad,
A daring forgery on the draught of God!
Here tuneful Pope restrung the Grecian lyre,
Track'd Homer's flight, and conquer'd with his fire;
Lov'd of the Muse, here breath'd the lay which greet
The glutt'd ear with unremitted sweets;
And gave such beauty to Belinda's grief,
That ravish'd Taste scarce wish'd the nymph relief.
Here Dryden's nervous numbers roll'd along,
Down the fierce current of immortal song,
From Time's cold fingers pluck'd the withering power,
And bound the tyrant in the Muse's bower.
Here a long train of minor poets bless'd
A listening world!—Here in the glorious crest
Of Britain's fame, a constellation bright,
Their starry beams shall beautify her night;

And if they lack the power to break her woes
Shall light her name to dignified repose.

And thou, illustrious Newton! who hast taught
Sublimar sallies to the wing of thought,
And shown to startling man's unclosing eyes
A maze of systems winding through the skies;—
Whose soaring soul explor'd the Maker's plan,
And spread its grandeur to the gaze of man—
Her Palinurus thou, bold science steers
Her vent'rous pinnace 'midst revolving spheres;
With fearless skill directs her golden way
Through glittering creeks and continents of day:
Stems tides of light, in ebb and flow that run,
To spread the radiant empire of the sun;—
Worlds at thy call, their vast *arcana* yield,
And God, in all his splendor, shines reveal'd!—
And all ye lights that lengthen out the train,
Whose fame shall still—till earth dissolve—remain;—
Whether ye strung the lyre, or sought to explore
The darkling labyrinths of musty lore—
Whether in metaphysic maze involv'd,
'Mid subtle points, positions unresolv'd,
And multiplying doubts, ye vainly strove,
Or spent the lamp in Academic grove! —

Oh, deathless band!—have ye no power to save
The land which gave you greatness and a grave?
It may not be—her rock of strength is riven;
Swift through the purlieus of indignant heaven
The herald peal in awful murmurs rolls,
And distant fires electrify the poles!
And who shall weep thy fall, save he who drew
Life from thy soil, and in thy shelter grew?
A thousand states—the victims of thy lust,
As Ruin bows thy tyranny to dust,
Shall hold their revels o'er each wasted spot,
Thy crimes remember'd—but thy worth forgot!

Thy sins, oh Britain! have provok'd the blow!—
Justice implor'd till Heaven became thy foe!
Thou Nero-nation, 'ere thy cup ran o'er—
Ere the stern Vengeance visited thy shore—
Hadst thou obey'd weak Virtue's last command,
And clear'd the immoral Upas from thy land;—
Weeded thy court of gluttony and lust,
And cloth'd thine head with penitential dust!—
Oh, hadst thou rent Ambition's reeking fane,
And fix'd the limit to Oppression's reign,
Vice from her throne with pious rage subdu'd
And pierc'd at once the lewdness and the lewd.

Pleas'd with the offering, righteous Heav'n had then
Recall'd the shaft, and sheath'd the sword again;
Then had thy star a glorious orbit trac'd
Through dark futurity's unopen'd waste—
Then in magnificence of might array'd,
Nations unborn had shelter'd in thy shade;
The wrong'd of after times, far as the view
Can perforate the line of ages through,
To thee in joyful confidence had come,
Thy sure adopted they, and thou their home.
Tyrants had trembled at thy withering frown,
And at thy bidding sceptres melted down,
And all thy cliffs that beetle o'er the flood,
The eternal guardians of thy freedom stood.

Thus had it been!—but ah! the sacrifice
Remains unoffer'd, and thy greatness dies!
On! on! infatuate realm! What boots the cost?
A pause of virtue is a moment lost!
Wage wars unjust—pour forth the mortal flood—
Urge your fierce chargers setloek deep in blood—
Man all your squadrons—bid your pulpits dare
Heaven's long endurancee with unhallowed prayer—
Through all your violated aisles prolong
The impious concords of the venal song!—

On, in your comet-course—your race of fire!—
Before your scathing glance let Hope expire!
The swifter flies the arrow to its aim—
The speedier plies the flash its wing of flame—
The sooner falls the victim on the plain—
The fated tree is sooner cleft in twain!

END OF CANTO I.

THE
OCEAN HARP.

CANTO II.



TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
DE WITT CLINTON,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

SIR,

THE great architect* of the cathedral of St. Paul, in London, lies buried in the edifice which he raised, and the concise inscription on the stone, translated, runs thus—"If you seek his monument look around!" Whenever it may please Providence to terminate your career of splendid usefulness, the grateful inhabitants of the state of New York, referring to the successful encouragement given by you to agriculture, commerce, and the long train of the arts and sciences, may inscribe the same eloquent eulogium on your tomb; and the most distant ages of posterity will bear testimony to its justice.

To your excellency, therefore, as the statesman of America, whose character exhibits the finest combination of enlightened policy, prompt determination, and

* Sir Christopher Wren.

extended foresight, I dedicate the following canto:
and I cannot withhold the expression of my hope that,
at no distant period, these high qualifications will diffuse a more enlarged latitude of public prosperity from the chair of the United States.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your excellency's most obedient

And humble servant,

Philada. January, 1819.

J. A.

INTRODUCTION

TO

CANTO II.

MEMORY, thou painter of the past,
Where'er thy magic tints are cast,
Fresh from the canvass of the brain
Life's fleeted pleasures start again,
And youthful sports and scenery too,
Grow proximate and charm anew!—
The village lea, where milkmaids hied,
At mellow even's tranquil tide,
While startling o'er the neighb'ring fief,
Young Zephyr kiss'd the bashful leaf,
Which gently murmur'd as it strove
To shun the faithless breath of Love;—
The ewes whose drawling bleatings chide
'The sportive lambkins at their side;—
The herd, whose long and hollow low,
Sounds from the upland's distant brow;—
The ploughman's rustic notes, that seem
To regulate his wearied team,

As from the new-turn'd glebe they crawl
With measur'd footstep to the stall;—
The cottage smoke, which curls between
The wood's dark intervals of green;—
The river winding through the vale,
Stranger alike to surge and sail,
Where once a group of Naiads stay'd
Beneath an osier-island's shade,
Won by the wild harmonious swell
Which broke from Shakspeare's wizard shell—
But when its mighty strain no more
Was heard along the silent shore
They left the spot, and Solitude
Usurp'd their seats and rul'd the flood.

Oh! it was sweet—when sports could please—
To trifle 'mid such scenes as these!
On Avon's still and silver stream
To watch the morning's early beam;
And when, my erring soul to claim,
Something like inspiration came,
And smit me through the kindling eye
Of holy, heaven-born Poesy,
Just like some new fledg'd bird, whose throat
Swells with its first, imperfect note,

To try my little skill, and nurse
My childish glimmerings into verse.
Oh maids of Avon, when the spell
Of Evening on the landscape fell,
And Nature's gay parterre was dight
In neutral tints of passive light,
How sweet to mark the brightness still
That loiter'd o'er the distant hill;
And as the clouds of night array'd
The vision in a deeper shade,
To catch the motley forms which grew—
Still changing—yet for ever new—
As though Earth's monsters, rife and rare,
Were mimick'd in the teeming air.

Little in infancy I trow'd
Of manhood's long and thorny road,
Of treacherous hopes and faithful fears,
The costly legacy of years—
I reck'd not, that as wandering Age
Went onward through its heritage,
The cloud above, the brier beneath,
Should change its Eden to a heath.
As Life's gay vista open'd then
Resplendent on my narrow ken,

Rich in a thousand golden dyes
I saw the distant scenery rise,
And murmur'd that I could not climb
His car, and urge the wheels of time.
As mountains which remotely lie,
Wear the rich azure of the sky,
So, in the tints of fancy sheen,
The future seem'd an evergreen,
And as the bright Cerulean fades
To shapeless rocks, and sightless shades,
So Manhood drops its gaudy glare,
And reach'd, grows desolate with care.

E'en now, as Life's dark wane I near,
With little left to hope or fear,
I give full charter to my brain,
And live o'er infancy again:
Again, though ocean rolls between,
Bound, playful, o'er my native green,
With little sport, and childish wile,
The griefless, guiltless hours beguile,
And count those first of time's swift tide
The only hours not misapplied.

When Summer bids the world rejoice,
Again I hear my Mira's voice;

The sweetest music of the grove,
Yet sweetest as it spoke of love:
The lark, the nightingale, to me
Were skillless in their minstrelsey;
When parleying with the gossip air
The queen of melody was there.
For her the flowery carpet wore
A grace it scarce had known before;
The painted bells in Nature's crest,
So tenderly her footstep prest,
That every stem but slightly bent
To pay her homage as she went.
I love to travel back life's space!
False as they were, I love to trace
The visions that ensnar'd my soul
To Error's soft but sad control;
And though that hour of bliss is gone—
And though that form of heaven has flown—
The noon-day trance—the midnight dream—
That bid me still their being deem—
The gleams of Memory, as they cast
A glory round that much-lov'd past—
So rich, so sweet, so rarely shine
Round this benighted heart of mine;
I would not change their joys, for all
Which stoics truth and reason call.

Deceiv'd in youth, beguil'd in age—
In wisdom weak, in folly sage—
The golden cheat I still pursue,
That shuns me as I fondly woo:
Still may its loveliness of light
Repel the dark approach of night,
And throw a long and lengthening loom
Above the isthmus of the tomb.

Man is a lesson hard to learn,
More complex every page we turn;
The scanty grains of Reason lie
So bound by Passion's sorcery;
Of ill the thriving multitude
So shades and stints the sickly good;
The soul of glossiest garb, within,
Betrays such ranknesses of sin;
What skill could reach the task assign'd,
To take the soundings of the mind,
To search out every sand and shoal,
Where Danger waits to wreck the soul?
Sage, give thy noon-tide hours to toil;
Be lavish of the midnight oil;
Waste in research whole years away,
And prose till every lock grows gray;

Still when the stroke of death rebates
The keenness of thy postulates,
And what the Arachne of thy brain
Hath spun, most foully breaks in twain,
There wilt thou be, where lore began,
Still at the threshold—*man is man!*

Child of Caprice! ev'n Freedom's slave,
Up from the cradle to the grave,
Toss'd on the rough and stormy tide
Of his own passions—anger, pride,
Hope, fear, love, hate—contending still
In one wild anarchy of will;
In form a god—empower'd to roam—
The boundless universe his home—
Creation's sovereign—unconfin'd
The march and measure of his mind—
Yet bending, with unnat'ral force,
His genius in a downward course,
Coping with shadows:—vain conceits,
Unreal graces—superficial sweets
Distract his cares! High emprise lost—
All stretch of thought, of purpose, crost—
The rudder of his reason riv'n—
In one perpetual eddy, driv'n

Like wrecks in whirlpools—till, all past,
The hour of hope and effort—cast
On time's last point—one struggle more,
And the brief dream of Life is o'er!

Have ye ne'er mark'd the traveller's eye
Kindled to sudden ecstasy,
As its triumphant glance survey'd
The moor's long waste and forest's shade,
While from the mountain's conquer'd brow
He measur'd back his path below?
And ken'd ye ne'er the changeful cheek,
Whose hectic eloquence would speak,
More than his stamm'ring tongue could tell
Of dangers on the dreary fell;
Where, as the grizzly wolf hung round
His track, or, coil'd along the ground,
The freckled serpent's gorgeous wreath
Shone frequent o'er the lengthening heath,
From the sharp tooth and poison'd fang,
He shrank with many a fancied pang,
And mov'd there but a glade of grass
Athwart the path he wish'd to pass,
Or came a breath of air more strong,
Than it was wont to flit along,

Or shook the copse of pines hard by,
Or sprang the whirring woodcock nigh,
Fear chill'd the current of his blood,
And fix'd the craven where he stood.

So, as the past of life appears,
Seen from the eminence of years—
As round remembrance dance again
Enjoyment's vampires—care and pain—
Though pleas'd to turn me and survey
The windings of the travell'd way;
To hear the distant thunders swell,
And die along the trembling dell;
To mark the storm, but not to feel
The burst of Nature's hydrocele,
Still from the probe of Memory start
The healing ulcers of the heart—
Still, as the phantoms rise to view,
To sight—almost to feeling—true,
Oh deem not strange that forms should scare,
A spirit bow'd and blanch'd with care!

I cannot rove as once I rov'd—
I cannot love as once I lov'd—
As I was wont I cannot toy,
And, with a touch, turn grief to joy;

But I can wear upon my brow
A hollow wreath of smiles, ev'n now,
Tread closely on the Witling's heels,
And feign what lighter Folly feels;
And I can echo Laughter's din,
While the stern canker feeds within,
And with a roar of rapture hide
The groans of wounded Love and Pride.
And I can see man feed on man,
The creature fattening on his clan—
Friend barter friend—Love prostitute
Its richest grace to charm a brute—
Woman, that loveliest, brightest gem,
That sparkles in Life's diadem,
Sully her worth with stains so fell
As foil the swarthy tints of hell—
Nor marvel aught that such can be—
They are familiar things to me:
The book of years these eyes have read,
Sorrow its weightiest stroke hath sped,
And I have learnt, unsear'd, to bear
The wasting hurricanes of care!

Softly o'er Ocean's trembling brow
The pale Moon sheds its kindling glow,

And as the god of glory plies
His blazing chariot up the skies,
Cheer'd by his life-inspiring glance,
The sparkling billows deftly dance.
Melt, clouds of care! I feel, I feel
O'er all my soul, Hope's morning steal!
Dear to my breast the long-lost ray,
That gilds its moody realm with day!
Revive, ye embers of delight
Relax the frozen anchorite,
And down Time's vista kindly pour
Your solace to life's furthest shore!



CANTO II.

O'ER mountain crest not half so wildly bright
Rush the first currents of the morning light—
Not half so fiercely pours the ascending god
His cataract lustres o'er the wakening sod—
For Ocean's gaze his gorgeous garb he wears—
His richest wreath for Ocean's brow prepares—
Swift o'er the waves his golden axles sweep,
And bathe in light the intoxicated deep;
From east to west divergent splendors fly,
Till one vast surf of glory dims the sky.

On verdant height the loreless shepherd views
The first beam mirror'd in the mountain dews,
Or in the whistling breeze that chills his ear,
Feels early day-break's shivering pioneer.
From mossy couch the sky-lark's piercing tone
Shuns the base earth, and cleaves th' ethereal zone,

Soft and more sweet the spiral music floats,
Till smiling Skies absorb the distant notes.
From frowning jungle and the sheltering brake
The wolf walks prowling; and the slinky snake
Uncoils his lingering length; the cock's shrill horn—
The gay muezzin of the mosque of morn—
Sounds Night's retreat; and from her beauty's pale
The blushing rose reprieves the nightingale;
Through all the realm of life Morn's fragrant breath
Dispels the leaden prototype of death:
Earth teems afresh from morn's baptismal dew,
Morn paints the sufferer's faded cheek anew,
Repairs Hope's broken shield, breathes blights on Care
And steals a shade of darkness from Despair;
Morn wakes the christian's zeal, the sage's fire,
The painter's pencil, and the poet's lyre;
Ev'n now I feel its vigorous influence dart,
Like gleams of summer sun-light, round my heart,
And, as the new-born splendors brightly glance
O'er the deep furrows of the vast expanse,
All mistiness of mind dissolves away,
And my soul riots in the tide of day.

Bright be thy beam—in cloudless beauty dress'd
Like that primeval morn th' Almighty bless'd.

When first the sun his glorious path essay'd,
And wondering herds devour'd the new-sprung glade;
On the rich turf when virgin dew's distill'd,
And brake and bower unwonted music fill'd—
Beam, like that dawn whose opening vision hurl'd
The light of life, and usher'd forth a world,
Ere darkling vapours scal'd the empyreal way,
Condens'd to clouds, and triumph'd o'er the day—
Beam, with the Summer smile that wins and warms,
Or black with Winter's breath and stern with storms,
Still from all Nature's realm—hills, woods and dells,
Kindling anew, thy boundless welcome swells,
As round the poles thy crystal eddies play,
And fainting systems drink thy silver spray,
Sorrow and shade, Night's haggard offspring, flee,
And all creation's altars blaze to thee!

Light as the balmy breeze, whose gentle tread
Scarce wakes the sluggard billow from its bed,
Blithe as the beam, the first Aurora won,
As up the east she led the morning sun;
Fresh from my lyre the glowing numbers start,
A strain of rapture—octav'd in the heart.
Methinks—yon waters pass'd which lie between,
New coasts arise and woods of endless green,

Streams yet untrac'd, and solitudes unknown,
Where Usurpation never rear'd a throne,
Unblasted yet by Power's destructive breath,
Unsear'd by Luxury's pestilence of death;
Where, undisturb'd, the wild hyæna's roar
Shakes the dull silence of some unfound shore,
Charter'd by might to govern and oppress,
The reeking monarch of the wilderness.
A grizzly train of feebler monsters near,
Free as the winds, and yet untaught to fear,
From deep recess, and forest black with night,
Range o'er the waste, and drink revulsive light;
Their covert yet no hunter-foe invades,
Peaceful their wanderings, and secure their shades:
Of Nature's heritage the common heirs,
From human vice exempt, and human cares—
Their ends of life, Life's cravings to supply—
To eat, drink, sleep, and generate, and die!

On ocean's verge, cop'd by serener skies,
I mark, methinks, a milder region rise;
Where waste and wilderness no more expand.
But cheerful traffic crowds the busy strand.
Free from the maladies of polish'd climes
The gloss and guiltiness of classic crimes.

Life's noblest grace no rank Refinement foils,
Nor feeds the shrine of Taste with Virtue's spoils.
Here, in the group of exiles, fain to find
Some spot where Tyranny has spar'd mankind,
Dove-ey'd Simplicity, belov'd of Heaven,
From Europe's continents of folly driven,
Leads in her train—a meek and modest band—
The banish'd Virtues of a prouder land.
Here meek Religion plucks the thorn from care,
Hope glads her eye, and Faith adorns her prayer;
Her pilot-voice delighted youth obeys,
And sinking age grows vehement in praise.
Blest is that realm, above all nations blest,
Whose teeming shores receive the angel-guest;
Round her bright form redundant glories shine,
Chang'd by her radiance, man becomes divine;
External feuds before her bidding cease,
And harsh domestic discords melt to peace.—

Where yonder venerable mansion rears
Its form above the jealousy of years,
As weeks, revolving, lead the sabbaths round,
What crowds repair with piety profound,
There, in the temple of their God, to raise
Their rustic homilies of pray'r and praise.

Mark from yon lips the heavenly precepts fall,
Like dews of Hermon shed, and shed for all,
Cheer'd by the sound, pale Sickness lifts her eye,
Allur'd from life, and covetous to die;
Again the banish'd rose adorns her cheek,
Hope plumes her wing, and agony grows weak;
Want, as the manna show'rs from heaven distill,
Bid to the costly banquet, eats his fill;
Pen'ry grows affluent, and Ign'rance wise,
And Toil looks up for harvests in the skies.

Methinks—but see, far frowning o'er the deep,
What dusky pageants rise in endless sweep?
What promontory's tapering length, array'd
In deep impervious majesty of shade,
Like the long periods of a Lapland night,
With lengthening darkness greets the wandering sight
Home of the desolate! Fane of the free!
The stranger's Canaan! Here I bend the knee
And do thee homage! Great the sacrifice—
A thousand hecatombs of ruptur'd ties,
Ambition, friendship, kindred, all destroy'd—
I pile upon thine altar! Fill the void
This aching bosom feels—'tis all I crave—
With some brief substitute, and grant—a grave!

Some flowers to cultivate—some fragrant toys,
Which my poor heart, at least may fancy—joys;
Give, if thou canst, that Memory may not roam,
And grasp the sting of recollected home!
I ask not much—Ambition's fires are dim,
And Friendship's cup, once sparkling to the brim,
Is flaw'd and crack'd—some little charm to win
Mine ear from gasping at the name of kin—
Some gentle antidote, for poisons past,
To root the venom from my brain, and cast,
When Care would shroud me in her raven stole,
A gleam of peace athwart my sickening soul.

I have no joy in man—for still I wear
Deep in my heart foul Treach'ry's with'ring sear.
I hold him as a tiger, taught to fawn—
A well-bred monster for Refinement's lawn—
More noble than his fellows of the wood,
As there's a dash of reason in his blood;
He shares community of appetite,
The gluttony of prey, the lurking spite,
The fraud and wariness; he hath no ear
For Sorrow's cry, no eye for Suff'ring's tear—
The weak and the forsaken—orts of strife,
That languish round Despair, and call it life—

Are his perpetual food. I ne'er could fly
To do the ungracious bidding of *his* eye,
Whose greatness grew not from ingen'rate worth,
But from the courtesies of servile earth.
And the fond smile of woman, wont, till now,
To fire my glance, and smooth my furrow'd brow,
I have so seen it kindled by deceit,
Lying so foully with its language sweet,
That I have learnt to doubt and to detest
The very magic which hath made me blest.

Yet would I sooth my heart with flatteries bland,
Cull'd from the prospect of a lovelier land,
Where, yet ungain'd, at Reason's mighty price,
Excess of polish wandering into vice,
Man learns to pride himself—and oh! if pride
Be just in aught, such may be justified—
On truth and freedom, whose benign control
Runs through the chain of manners from the soul.
The buds of friendship here may kindlier shoot,
Blossom more rich, and ripen into fruit;
Love may have learn'd no guile, nor charm'd its tongue
To break the heart which on its accents hung;
And Joy and Hope, inseparable twain,
Start from their dreams of gloominess again.

Dear probability! or, firm, or fleet—
A good substantial, or an airy cheat—
So like a gentle anodyne, thy pow'r
Becalms my breast in this tempestuous hour,
That, as an earnest of untasted bliss
I hold thee welcome as a seraph's kiss.

Yes, Fancy's hand shall cater to my will,
And I will feed my hopes with promise still,
New ties shall form—new emulation fire—
Enchant new graces, and new zeal inspire;
Since bubbles satisfy, fools pine for one,
When millions glitter in the noonday sun.
I'll climb the snow-topp'd Andes' loftiest brow,
And calmly gaze upon a world below;
Smile on the mimic microcosm beneath,
The trite monotony of life and death;
Trace round inferior heights the tempest's form,
And stand, unharm'd, the Saturn of the storm:
Or where the mighty Mississippi pours
His thundering streams through undiscover'd shores,
Surveys wild realms that yet uncultur'd lie,
And drinks the freights of meaner channels dry;
There, where the swarthy Indian shrinks from view,
To trackless woods, or guides the light canoe,

Midst Nature's mightier dissonances hurl'd,
Forget the discords of a grosser world—
Wash from remembrance every trace of pain,
And wake to life and liberty again.

All hail, thou long Leviathan of lands
That liest on the waters! Where thy sands
And wooded headlands penetrate the wave,
Like an inviting angel, charg'd to save,
Fair smiling Promise lifts her figur'd scroll,
Writ in the characters that charm the soul,
Beck'ning the wanderer on. Blest pioneer!
Like Israel's pillar-light, the pathway cheer!
'Thou art the exile's trust: lead on thine host,
Mid dark uncertainties no longer tost;
Unfurl Hope's banner to the puissant air,
And wrest the laurel from the brow of Care.
Hail, thou vast continent! whose morning came
Without a twilight; to the noon of fame,
Bursting at once—from dull despotic night,
Into the broad licentiousness of light!
A grace surpassing affluence—freedom's glow—
With wreaths of glory binds thy dark-green brow;
The shingled cabin shines supremely fair,
A monarch's home, if liberty be there;

Warm'd with her smile the wilderness grows gay,
O'er noxious glens Hygeian zephyrs play;
A richer, bolder livery Nature wears,
And Time forgets to register his years.

Unroll the radiant record of an age!
Tribes yet unborn shall triumph o'er the page,
Shall fire with generous joy to read his name,
Who fought for liberty, and vanquish'd fame.
Ye stars of night, whose silver tresses wave
Luxuriant sweetness o'er the patriot's grave—
Thou sun, whose lustre greens the shrubs that shed
A sacred shadow round his honor'd bed—
Say, on his living image when ye threw
The blaze of noon, or midnight's milder hue—
Oh! as ye mark'd the wizard of decay,
Climb o'er his form and break his strength away—
From his pale brow the plume of vigour bend,
And all the sinews of his spirit rend—
Oh! mourn'd ye not your poverty of power
That could but light, not lengthen, Virtue's hour?
Heroes of meaner mould the chisell'd name,
May rescue from the fickleness of fame,
And blazon'd lies, rehears'd in phrases sooth,
Shine with the rich reality of truth;

But all Art's attributes had fail'd to tell
The worth of him whose deeds discours'd so well.
Earth read his epitaph sublimely grav'd
In memory's calendar—"A NATION SAV'D!"
Crown'd of mankind—gay bubbles of an hour,
That rise and riot on the swell of power,
No such mausoleum boast ye! Pause and read
The Macedonian's tomb—the Prussian—Swede!—
What were *their* trophics? Where the realms *they* freed!

For him, indeed, no eloquence of stone
Could speak superior praise: there was a tone
In all his acts, which, till the poles consume,
Would shame the wealth of language on his tomb:—
Yet some slight tribute to a name so dear,
Beyond the fleeting homage of a tear,
Such worth might claim: is gratitude a charm,
So brief of being, that it takes alarm
At Death's pale visage, o'er the new-made grave
Withers, and finds a burial with the brave?
The very dog which from his master's hand
Devour'd his daily mess, train'd, at command,
To play the servile mendicant, and urge
Irrational faculties to reason's verge,
Gains fun'ral rites; and on the garden lawn,
Where he was wont to gambol and to fawn,

Some studied words the debt of mem'ry pay—
“Reader, respect the turf that covers Tray!”—
Yet could not all the hearts of millions raise,
To grace a WASHINGTON, one pile of praise!
Who, when the recreant spirits of the time,
Call'd firmness folly, and endurancee erime;
Here treach'rous friends, an open faction there,
Foes on his rear, and in his front despair;
Met the concenter'd eurrents as they came,
Beat back the waves, and won eternal fame—
Lies, like a slave, 'mid common corses thrown—
Marble, nor epitaph, nor index!—none!

Oh, if the spirits of the dead can know
The deeds of earth; and aught of mortal wo,
Bosoms ethereal pierce, tears that might feed
Autumnal clouds, or summer's thirsty need
Supply with fruitful showers, those eyes might yield,
As all Columbia's pen'ry stands reveal'd!
How would his charg'd heart swell, as clos'd up life
Open'd once more its chronicle of strife,
And, on the faded surface of the brain,
Display'd the pageantry of time again;
Recall'd the deeds his daring arm had done,
Ages of freedom for his country won.

Yet not a heap of stones, nor rough hewn stave,
To mark the area, hallow'd by his grave!

Wake, land of Freedom, won by glorious toil,
Shake from thy dignity this damning foil—
Unjust no more, the day of avarice sped,
Exalt the living and appease the dead:
Bid the rich column proudly blazon forth
To unborn times th' eternity of worth—
A shrine where future ages may repair
To hold sweet colloquies and reverence there.

From thy dark woods though deepening shadows roll,
Their midnight hues are sunshine to my soul!
Rome once was like thee; oh! 'tis joy to trace
The first unfoldings of her early grace,
Till curse of gold—the pestilence of wealth—
Breath'd murd'rous mildews round her form of health.
Then all her glories sicken'd: from her sway
The train of subject nations broke away.
There was a wreath for ruin!—pigmy states
Which she had made or marr'd, ev'n to her gates,
Hurl'd their defiance;—Lust, Intemperance, Feud,
Within her walls—a traitor multitude—
Leagued with her foes without; then tardily came
Her day of pain, and penitence, and shame:

Kings who had known her chastening, when the sear
Fell on her laurels, from their trance of fear
Rous'd by the shout of vengeance, shook the dust
From rusting helms; in retribution just,
Allied by kindred wrongs. Why, ere she fell
Lack'd she some wise Thrasybulus to expel
The tyrant vices? Why some arm to save
That last sad step—from glory to the grave?

Thy shrine is starr'd with trophies; in thy fane
Monarchs are high-priests: a resplendent train,
Oh Luxury! homage at thy footstool!—knee
That knew no prior reverence, bends to thee!
Valour resigns his sword, and Genius tears
With maniac hand the laurell'd grace of years;
Learning his lore forsakes; frail Beauty breaks
Her magic wand—the roses of her cheeks;
Wisdom, thy threshold pass'd, his silver hairs
In adoration bows, and cheerly wears
Thy spangled coronet: from cavern drear
With steady step the philosophic seer
Blends with thy throng of worshippers; and last,
To swell the blazing rites, by nations cast,
Freedom herself expires. There dies the dream!
Swift from her throne the female Polypheme

Melts into subtle ether—trophies fade—
Shrine, altars sink in undistinguished shade—
Of all the pageant those but fail to fly,
Who came to worship, and remain—to die!

Beware, Columbia! Shun the harlot wile
That seeks to murder, while it seems to smile!
Fly from the withering palsy Luxury flings
In perfum'd breezes, and cosmetic springs.
As Rome was in her greatness, shalt thou be,
Strong with her strength, and with her freedom free
Thy freighted keels shall plough the distant deeps,
From Borneo's shores to Norway's icy steeps.
No foeman's foot thy guarded coasts shall tread;
No blasting strifes, by fiery factions bred,
Shall scathe thy bowers of peace, nor scatter far
The wasting tempest of domestic war.
Thy fear is on the nations. Europe's eye
Shrinks from the gleam of thy prosperity!
Still shalt thou prosper! Like yon orb of day,
Whose glory melts the lesser lights away,
Thy soaring fame, amidst the western wild,
Where, not till now, Taste, Learning, Science, smil'd,
Above the stars of prouder spheres shall rise,
The eclipsing light, the monarch of the skies.

Thou hast done nobly; when the oppressor came,
Bright was the bursting of thy patriot flame:
That was thy day of trial: dark it rose,
Big with the menace of unnumber'd woes;
Death stood across thy path, and grimly frown'd
A fearful hurricane of horror round;
Right was thy strength; infectious valour rush'd,
Far as the forest gloom'd, or current gush'd:
Where mountain-heights in weary wildness ran,
And savage deserts mock'd the toil of man.
Rous'd by the shriek of Freedom, each morass
Pour'd forth its Cincinnatus; every pass
Had its Leonidas; stern Vengeance gave
New nerves to strength, new vigour to the brave.
Oh! 'twas a nation's kindling! Hearts that swell'd
With nature's sympathies, at once rebell'd
Against themselves; son, substance, sire and wife—
All the soft relatives that sweeten life,
Relax'd their grasp, and Liberty alone
Usurp'd the bosom's undivided throne!
Distinctions ceas'd:—want, wealth in brotherhood,
Yok'd to the wheels of war, together stood:
The stake was mighty: 'twas a glorious cast—
Triumph's *first* charter, or Misfortune's *last*.

Yet not a single conflict; victory led
To new encounters; where the battle bled
Fresh seeds were scatter'd—elements of death—
New harvests for the grave—a gloomy wreath,
Wav'd o'er the field: then rush'd the scathe of flame,
And nature wither'd where the ruin came.
The blazing hamlet round the landscape shed
A mortal brightness; from her dang'rous bed,
Seiz'd by untimely travail, wild though weak,
The heavy night-breeze bore the mother's shriek.
The cries of houseless wanderers, which the woods
Mock'd with loud echoes, and the rushing floods
Crush'd with their cataract-roar—the scar'd wolf's yell
Driven by the fiery surges down the dell—
The clash of steel—the smother'd groan that broke,
As reeking carnage urg'd the fatal stroke—
The roll of musketry—the cannon's burst,
That shook the hills—and discords harsh that nurs'd
The battle's rage from trumpet's clarion breath,
Piercing the solitudes with notes of death—
Chaos of horror—climax of distress—
Expression has no faculty to express
Such glut of dreariness: words sicken—die,
Within your grapple of enormity,
And the o'ercharg'd soul withdraws its aching scan,
And shrinks to feel itself the kin of man.

Fortune was with thee; Freedom was thine own!
The lovely meed of many conflicts won:
From all thy glens the knell of Faction rung,
The song of Peace through all thy vales was sung;
Back to his toil the conqueror-peasant hied,
Again the broad axe bow'd the mountain-side,
While Pride, a stranger to the wilds before,
Explor'd the woods, and sojourn'd with the boor.

But who that morn of glad return shall sing,
When the pale matron, stooping to the spring,
Saw imag'd there, the echo of her heart,
The semblance of a long-lost husband start?
Sear'd at the sight, a thousand strange alarms
Rush through her breast, till Henry's circling arms,
And the soft pressure of his greeting kiss,
Dissolve her doubts to rhapsodies of bliss.
Their first endearments past, she woos his tale,
Tells all the gossip-scandal of the vale;
Talks of his hardy boys, and girls of brown,
In strength the first, the last in figure grown;
Points out his darling William on the wild,
And looks half jealous as he hugs his child.

Rous'd by the sounds of joy, the tavern, forge,
And humble store their wondering groupes disgorge,

And all the gather'd gossips haste to learn
Their neighbour's tale, and welcome his return:
Then as he told the dangers he had seen,
Where he himself Death's intimate had been;
Where, o'er the hills, as night's long shadows flew,
Flames were the dawn of morn, and blood the dew;
Of long and desperate marchings, as he told,
O'er sand and swamp, with hunger cramp'd, and cold;
No fires to warm, no friendly voice to cheer,
No sheltering shade through all the desert drear;—
And, as the chilling day-break glanc'd the glade,
Of savage Indian's mortal ambuscade;—
With looks of love he eyed his shuddering wife,
And whisper'd—" Providence still spar'd my life!—
" The tedious, fearful race of danger o'er,
" Here on my little farm I dwell once more;
" Much have I toil'd: now grant me, Heaven, the prize,—
" Health, freedom, competence, beneath the skies;
" The smile of love to light my years' increase;
" An age of honour and a death of peace!"—

This—this is Glory's substance! Ye whose deeds
Are History's pageant, bring your laurell'd meeds,
And tread them in the dust! Your dreams of pride
Are but as ripples on life's ebbing tide:

Your laurels have no spell to keep them green,
They cannot bring back moments which have been,
And weave from memory tissues of delight
To charm the present. Pour your tales of might
In woman's shrinking ear, and proudly tell
That to your prowess slaughter'd armies fell;—
Subdue the weak with feats whose history wounds,
Till the stunn'd ear grow surfeit with the sounds.—
Yours is a costly privilege:—bought with broil
And prodigality of peril: toil
Should reimburse the toiler; man should count
The worth of purchase, ere he boasts th' amount.
One smile of tender greeting, from the eye
We love, in Reason's estimate, would buy—
Spite of the specious splendor of a name—
A whole eternity of empty fame.

Who stands for liberty, his falchion draws
By Heaven's own impulse: 'tis the sacred cause,
Which, left unguarded, in its ruin draws
All life's immunities. There is no grave
Of depth to hide the baseness of a slave;
No glade shall verdure it—no cypress shed
Refreshing coolness o'er the sullied bed;
No stone shall mark the spot, nor letter'd phrase
Put forth its little monody of praise.

The God was marr'd in him, and, where he lies,
Man shuns communion, and all Nature dies.

Who then, that bears Heaven's impress on his brow—
And in his soul Heaven's fire, would basely bow
To wear the badge of bondage? Who resign
The argent grace of heraldry divine,
That shines in Manhood's eye, or meanly change
The power to will—to act—through being's range,
For ignominious fetters? All thy scope
Of wood and wild, such renegade from hope—
Such vile abortion holds not. Pith and spine,
The strength of Liberty is thine—not thine
Its bold licentious rankness;—not the swell
Of boisterous passions, eager to rebel—
Perverting Freedom, from her due intent,
To nurse rapacious Riot—pests long pent
In the soul's darkness, madly to unbind
And loose the loathsome lepers on mankind:—
There is a moral code writ in the breast
In lines which cannot fade;—a law express'd—
Not from Man's wisdom; yet its aim and end
His happiness: before its influence bend
Nations of alien hues and climes unknown;—
The Indian feels it in his sultry zone;

Before its power the northern savage bows,
Amidst his cavern'd sepulchre of snows;—
'Tis this that qualifies and tempers down
The pride of Liberty, and with its own
Peculiar force, levels the surface rude
Of untam'd Nature, reproducing good
From its own embers; govern'd by this sway
Thy freedom shines the loveliest; in its ray
Virtue and Piety repose, and shed
Their strengthening graces round thy soaring head.

Are thy sons valiant? Pause upon the tale
Of southern prowess—when from hill and vale,
Swamp and morass, his schemes of triumph foil'd,
The stern invader suddenly recoil'd;
His daring track, with broken plume, retrod,
Or, gnashing curses, perish'd on the sod.
Then pour'd thy towering heights, proud Tennessee,
Souls breathing fire, and, like their mountains free—
Flush'd with disdain of life, and prompt to die,
If Death alone could purchase victory;
The brave Kentuckian, and from Mobile's coast,
Eager for fight, a ruder, swarthier host;
The subtle Spaniard, and inveterate Gaul,
Round their adopted mother marshall'd all:

Aliens in hue and tongue, in clime and blood,
Yet knit by war in firmest brotherhood.
Thy cits, Orleans, by manly vigour steel'd,
Then left the lifeless wharf, and throng'd the field;
Untaught in Danger's school, untrain'd to share
The soldier's dreary watch, and soanty fare;
In dismal marsh to freeze the live-long day,
And, couch'd on ice, to groan the night away;
Yet at their country's call—for what of earth
Adheres not to the spot that gave it birth?—
Resolv'd to meet whatever ills might come,
Or ere their hearths should be the spoiler's home!

No spoiler's home was there, save his who bled,
And found in death, a dwelling with the dead;
Who came, a robber, from Oppression's clime,
And paid with life the forfeit of his crime.
Heav'n was the soil's defence;—that breath of might
Which struck th' Assyrian with eternal blight,
Palsy'd the arm of Britain as she fought,
And all her valour fritter'd into nought.

Mark where thy conq'ring canvass courts the breeze,
And spreads thine empire o'er remotest seas;
Clips the proud pinion of old Europe's fame,
And lights the glory of a mightier name.

No more shall tyrant-navies proudly sweep,
And, arm'd with impious power, usurp the deep;
Here, in the West, a rival spirit braves
The stern, self-scepter'd anarchy of the waves;
Here hurls the gauntlet to her frown of pride,
Disputes her sway, and bids her stand defy'd;
Dissolves the spell which bound inferior shores,
And Freedom's charter to a world restores.

Rouse, heirs of Ocean! check Ambition's lust,
Curb lawless rule, and make the oppressor just:
Free as at first, let ocean's billows roll,
From the red tropic, to the ice-bound pole;
Where every flag shall equal privilege find—
The vast inheritance of all mankind.

Thrice blest Columbia! bid thy genius start
From groveling apathy; woo Science, Art,
The graces of the soul;—their dazzling might
Shall pierce thy wilds with intellectual light:
Be freedom glory's impulse, not her end!
Did Egypt catch the thought from Heaven, and bend
The beauteous arch; with bossy sculpture grave
The fretted frieze, and moulded architrave?
Had China her Confucius?—'midst the light
Of Roman glory, shine their rays more bright

Than Tully's periods, and the Mantuan's lay?—
When shall the Grecian fade? When pass away
The Bactrian's fame? When the Athenian star
Wan'd to its set, Death lack'd the pow'r to mar
The beauty of his radiance. Ev'n now I see
Through Fancy's lens, a dazzling seed from thee—
Gems of thy native mines, whose worth shall raise
Thy name to long posterity of praise.

On Mem'ry's mirror how resplendent shine
The forms of genius past—a dazzling line,
Rich with surpassing lustre! Time may fade
The weaklier lights of earth; but still, array'd
In worth unperishing, *their* fame shall stand,
Till his blunt sithe fall, shiver'd, from his hand.
Of such was FRANKLIN—politician—sage—
Philosopher of his—of every age:
Patriot, whom pleasure could not bribe, nor pow'r
Win from his country in her trying hour.
Science and Art, in matchless force combin'd,
Compos'd his mighty aggregate of mind:
When, like Prometheus, greatly, boldly wise,
He stole the blazing fluid from the skies,
Raptur'd Philosophy, his triumph won,
Flew from th' Atlantie's verge, to greet her son,

Smil'd on the daring deed, confess'd his claim,
And with immortal splendor tipp'd his name.
Long as the seasons frame the fleeting year,
As winters cramp, or smiling summers cheer;
While, 'midst the airy, planetary throng,
Attraction rolls the giddy earth along;
Long as the billows swell, the breezes blow,
And mountain summits mock the vales below;
Genius shall hold its sway! Souls less endu'd,
May pass and perish with the multitude;
Perform their little episodes of life,
And *excunt* all: but not Creation's strife,
Nor Nature's defalcation, nor the gloom—
The more than Stygian darkness of the tomb—
Can dim the star of intellect, or change,
'Mid withering worlds, its bright, eternal range.

Sway'd by a false, unconquerable pride,
When virtuous HAMILTON ignobly died,
Say, did he fall unmourn'd? Was there no tear
T' embalm his worth, save that which dew'd his bier?
Eyes which had not beheld him, yet had grown
Familiar with his greatness—hearts unknown—
Exotic sympathies—beyond the main,
Reply'd in all the bitterness of pain.

Oh that one stain at last should foully mar,
The beaming brilliance of so bright a star!
That who above his fellows' weakness shone.
Should sadly fall, the victim of his own!
Oh that on christian soil, a shrine should rise,
Foul with the smoke of human sacrifice;
Where at the idol *Honour's* fierce command,
Unblushing Murder riots through the land,
Friends fall to friends—to kindred, kindred bleed.
And tyrant Custom sanctifies the deed!
Shall man, in theory alone refin'd,
In practice ape the offal of his kind!
With passion's firebrand desolate his race,
And blaze defiance to his Maker's face!
High-priests of hell! pursue your work of strife,
Throw by the sword, and seize the savage knife;
Let scalps of friends your reeking halls unfold,
And by your trophies be your prowess told!
Come, dogs of death, spit forth your furious foam,
Destroy the sweet securities of home—
Be widows' curses, and the orphans' cry,
Your morning hail, your midnight lullaby;
In Pleasure's chase, may every darling trust,
Like Sodom's apples, dissipate to dust;
Where'er ye die, may none be there to weep
May poison'd shrubs shed venom where ye sleep.

And desperate fiends, in howling octaves rave,
Their madd'ning pæans round the MURDERER'S GRAVE!

Yet while the vicious fashion of the time
Smiles on the slayer;—while, to avenge the crime
Existing codes refuse, and maids adore
The wretch red dripping with his brother's gore—
What force of words—what stretch of ridicule
Shall change the braggart and disarm the fool?
The seed is in society:—it shoots
In nature's rankness, and its baleful fruits
Shall flourish, 'till Society's remorse
Destroy th' engend'ring misery in its source—
Tear up the cancerous roots—and, from the breast
Of life, dislodge some nerves, to save the rest!

Shall Penn be unremember'd?—He, whose word
Outstripp'd the reeking triumphs of the sword?
Whose tones, like his—Apollo's gifted child—
Subdu'd impervious woods, and green'd the wild—
Shall be, at whose command the forest rung
To axe and wedge, unhonour'd and unsung,
Beneath the soil he grac'd, like meaner clay,
To dull Forgetfulness dissolve away?
No—if the warrior's chaplet, steep'd in tears,
Bloom bright along the wilderness of years,

How lovelier far the coronet, whose leaf
Nor dying streams bedew'd, nor living grief.
The sterner spirits of the land may come,
To pay their homage at the Soldier's tomb;
But all the milder virtues, train'd to love
The haunts of peace—in solitary grove,
In sylvan bow'r, or round the brook which pours
Its murmuring stream, through labyrinths of flow'rs,
Chanting their carols of content—shall raise
To pure Philanthropy a nobler praise.
For what avail the triumphs bought with blood?
Disease infects their fame! Deep in the bud
The laurel bears a mildew that will feed
Upon the doer's glory, through the deed.
But they who win by courtesy, oppress—
Destroy—usurp not!—them no fatherless—
No houseless—spouseless—hope in brawn and chine
Cut through, to gorge war's reeking libertine—
In anguish imprecate! no boundless wild
Unpeopled, once where Man and Nature smil'd,
Opens their path to greatness! Virgin Spring
Her fragrant first-fruits thither speeds to bring
Where Penn reposes—for his fingers trac'd
A way for Beauty in the charmless waste;
Swift, at his voice, through channels clos'd till now.
The tides of social life began to flow,

And where eternal shades had held control,
Broke forth the morn—the majesty of soul!

Thy RUSH shall live, while Hope's sweet voice can
cheer

The languid eye, the suffocating ear—
That bright redecining form, who nobly stood,
And brav'd, alone, the pestilential flood;
Whose mind of giant might, and vigorous hand,
From Death's wide ravage re-subdued the land;
Clos'd up the volume of despair, and gave
To sinking Man a respite from the grave!
Inscribe his name, ye ministers of heaven,
To whom the custody of worth is given—
Ye fervid ministers of Fame—enrol,
Emblaze the cypher in your dazzling scroll.

Stand forth, intrepid phalanx, from whose pen
Rush'd the decree which *mark'd* and *made* ye—MEN!
Won by your gallantry, the mountain maid
A people's wish, a people's prayer, obey'd,
And hill and vale, shrub, flow'ret, turf and tree,
Gave back the signal shout of LIBERTY.
Though Death's despotic arm hath rent in twain
The cords of mortal ecstasy and pain,

Beyond his grasp, your virtues bore away
A lien on life—a charter from decay.

Shades of departed genius! O'er your graves,
Where the yew darkens and the poplar waves,
Ages shall bring their tributes—gray-hair'd sire
To deeds of worth his kindling offspring fire
By the recount of yours. Where erst ye fought
With word or weapon, glowing myriads caught
The ennobling impulse;—guided by your flame,
Armies unborn shall swell the rolls of Fame.

Welcome, twin capes, whose very wildness charms!
Inclose the wanderer in your giant arms!
Welcome, ye woods, in vernal beauty crown'd;
Ye groves of silence, 'midst whose dark profound,
The weird-creator Fancy may endite
From circling chaos, spells of life and light!
Whether my wayward fortune lead to roam,
Where hope ne'er wish'd, nor ardour sketch'd a home;
Where uncouth yells their savage echoes pour
Round the rude heights of California's shore;
Or southward, where the streams of life soon dry
Beneath the fury of a feverish sky;
Or with the chiller gales that, northward, spread
Precocious storms round Bonavista's head!—

Welcome, all change of clime—all scope of space—
Diversities of language, form and face—
Be the whole universe my dwelling place!

What sea—what shore shall bound the spirit's flight?
Unseath'd by tropic fire, by polar night,
And icy continents unfroze, it still
Obeys the vigorous master-spring of WILL;
Thrives ev'n in desolation—makes its bed
In cavern creeks that scoop the mountain's head—
Defies extremities of suffering—springs
From Peril's whirlpool with recruited wings—
Rides with the demon in the Tempest's car,
And marks, unmov'd, the elemental war—
Lives where inferior being fades—receives
All spiritual sustenance Creation gives—
And in frail Nature's withering, fresh and free,
Grasps its reversion—immortality!

Faint, twinkling galaxy of crowns and courts,
Within whose orbit base-born Bondage sports:—
Ye pigmy states, where murder'd Freedom's knell
By tyrant-hands was rung!—a last farewell!
Farewell, ye revel-routs, where Fashion's breath
Scatters the pestilence of moral death!
Farewell, the pomp and pageantry of state—
Those gilded gew-gaws that delight the great,

Convey'd, when titled age its race hath run,
A sacred heritage from sire to son!
The lazar-house of Luxury, and the halls
Stunn'd with the Bacchanalian's drunken brawls—
The mask—the midnight orgies, rank and lewd,
Of Dissipation's mindless multitude—
The *nobler* temple, where the fools within
Garnish with decency each dish of sin;
With high-wrought models please the sensual town,
And with a sophism put poor conscience down—
All, all, farewell! Ye epigrams of life,
With more of poison than of pleasure rife,
No more ye fascinate! Your spell is broke!
Pomp, Pride, and Folly, I discard your yoke!
Far from your eddies of eternal strife,
Here, 'midst the sweet tranquillities of life,
I sit me down—a pilgrim, worn and weak—
Where Peace, and calm Retirement, whose soft cheek
Ne'er knew the flush of passion—sober pair—
Turn from the wilderness the foot of Care!

Here will I rest! The pine upon the heath,
Shall yield at once a shelter and a wreath!
Here will I trim my lamp, and in its wane,
From care reap wisdom, and content from pain!

Here, as my sand ebbs out, and nature flies
In dizzy circles from my dying eyes,
From richer founts new gleams of heavenly light
Shall chase the shadows of departing night,
Till all the mortal being melt away
Into the splendor of immortal day!

THE END.

MONODY

ON

THE DEATH

OF

JOHN SYNG DORSEY, ESQ. M.D.

TO

PHILIP SYNG PHYSICK, ESQUIRE, M.D.

THE enlightened tutor and zealous friend of the subject of this monody; and whose professional genius hath raised him to the same elevation in the public opinion, as the mildness, modesty and sincerity of his character have given to him in the affection of his private friends, the following tribute is inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, January, 1819.

MONODY, &c.

WHAT mournful train—what melancholy tread—
Invades the desert empire of the dead?
Why, round yon hearse, in gloomy concourse, crowd
The grave, the gay, the profligate, and proud?—
What guiding light a downward course hath trac'd?—
What flower hath perish'd from life's cheerless waste?—
“DORSEY:”—methinks some stamm'ring whisper sighs—
Weep, Science, Genius, Virtue—Dorsey dies!”

Groves of the west!—from broad Ontario's steep,
To southern shores—in drops of amber weep!—
Grow pale, Humanity—reject relief,
And breathe abroad a wilderness of grief!—
Eyes, yet unquench'd with tears—and souls, 'till now,
Untaught to suffer, and unwont to bow!—
Pride, that ne'er look'd a prayer, nor bent a knee,
But caught its creed from Fashion's homily!—
Avarice, the prey of Wealth—and, basely free,
Short-sighted maniac, Prodigality!—

Love, whose pale cheek is ever moist with tears!—
 Green, sprightly Youth—and Weakness, whelm'd with
 years!—
 Genius, with raptur'd eye—and smirking Folly!—
 Gay Ecstasy—and gloom-wrapt Melancholy!—
 Blend your diversities of taste, and crave
 An hour of wo—an audience of the grave!

Heard ye that shriek?—From yon deserted dome,
 Which Art adorns, and Learning calls her home—
 What cry of agony—what piercing sound—
 Flings Sorrow's withering epidemy round?
 See, from the range of urns which proudly bears
 The cherish'd relics of her former cares—
 RUSH—SHIPPEN—WISTAR—many a broken trust—
 Despairing *Science* turns to DORSEY's dust;
 Takes her new charge, and with grief-lab'ring breast,
 And frantic movement, adds it to the rest.

“ So soon!”—she cries—“ recall'd from earth so soon!
 “ Before the sun of life had reach'd its noon!
 “ Or ere the pledge thy morn of talent gave
 “ Years could redeem—so soon to glut the grave!
 “ Did I not nurse thee with a mother's care?
 “ Did I not bless thee with a mother's prayer?

“ Invidious death!—why not direct thy dart
“ To drain the fountain of some meaner heart?
“ Could no foul shoot of indolence or vice—
“ No readier prize—no ranker spoil suffice?—
“ Month after month must drooping Genius wear,
“ For sons destroy’d, the sable of despair:—
“ And, as their living laurels burst to bloom,
“ See the young fruitage falling for the tomb?
“ Mark you frail cabinet:—that vase of earth—
“ That brittle prison of unbounded worth—
“ A *RUSN* inhabits.—Had that valued frame
“ Receiv’d a life immortal as his fame,
“ These halls had heard him now. But now, no more,
“ Fed from his mighty mind’s exhaustless store,
“ Shall hungering crowds be fill’d; nor Sickness cry—
“ ‘ Health waits thy bidding; clear this clouded eye;
“ ‘ Re-tint these cheeks; new hope, new vigor give:
“ ‘ Touch with thy talisman, and I shall live!’
“ There *SNIPPEN* sleeps:—Corruption’s sordid crust
“ Twines, like a filthy lecher, round his dust!
“ Why could not talent give him power to brave
“ The front of death, and deprecate the grave?
“ This urn retains—oh, for celestial fire,
“ His yet unwasted corse to re-inspire!—
“ A wreck of *WISTAR*:—though in Nature’s strife,
“ Abruptly broke the o’er-stretch’d cords of life,

“ His name, unmarri’d by Frailty’s foul alloy,
“ No time can mutilate, no stroke destroy!
“ And thou, my DORSEY, could nor prayers nor tears
“ Prolong thy scanty calendar of years?
“ Lov’d as thou wert—endow’d with matchless skill,
“ To stem the pestilence of human ill,
“ Could not a thousand hours, to others giv’n,
“ Add one to thine, ere that sweet cord was riv’n,
“ Before that pulse resign’d its wonted play,
“ And sudden darkness quench’d the light of day?
“ Come then, my charge; and Science’ grief shall be
“ Thy mem’ry’s herald to posterity!”

Well may’st thou murmur, mournful maid, and shed
O’er DORSEY’S urn, rich offerings to the dead!
Well may’st thou weep; and well may *Art* combine
Her drops of hallow’d agony with thine—
For much he lov’d her, and her plastic powers
Gave a new vigor to the drooping hours.
Touch’d by Creation’s wand, at Fancy’s will,
The gifted crayon show’d Promethean skill,
And mimic forms, to nature’s outline true,
Swift from the teeming canvass rush’d to view:
Through mysteries toil unfolds to meaner man,
Prompt to conceive, his rapid genius ran,

No task ungain'd, unconquer'd no design,
The sculptor's curve, the graver's subtle line,
And, still, where'er his devious talent rov'd,
Taste smil'd applause, and rival Art approv'd.

And he was dear to sage PHILOSOPHY,
Who bends to times unborn his asking eye!—
And dear to POESY, whose eagle gaze,
Unshrinking, riots in the noontide blaze!
Whose magic wakes the thunder, and unbinds
The forked lightnings, and the warring winds!—
To Music dear, soft, heaven-descended sprite,
Who grasps the magic sceptre of delight,
And, with a spell of sound, usurps control,
And leads in sweet captivity the soul!—
Dear to MORALITY, whose pilot-ray
Through Error's labyrinth detects the way!—
Dear to those TENDER SYMPATHIES which bind
All kindred tints and properties of kind;
Which heart to heart in blending ties unite,
Links forg'd by Nature, circling round delight!—
And dear to PIETY, whose look of love,
Whose hopes and ecstasies are fix'd above;
Which, like the gems that shed a sparkling grace
Found the rich portrait of some valued face,

Enrich'd each thought, each faculty of soul,
And with a glorious finish crown'd the whole!

Come then, Philosophy, too stern to weep,
Come, look and languish where these relics sleep!—
Come, reckless, wild, and wanton as thou art,
Come, minstrel-maid, a dying strain impart;
Thy fairy fictions leave for times of bliss,
And give to truth and tears an hour like this!—
Come, Music, come, let sounds of mirth be still,
And solemn chords the chilling pauses fill!—
Pensive Morality, sad, lonely one,
Come, sigh, with Israel's king—"my son! my son!"—
And thou, meek Piety, benignly given
To urge the weak, and win the wise to heaven,
'Mid weeping groups, with seraph smile survey
The swelling spirit burst th' ignoble clay,
From life's dark frontier swiftly, proudly rise,
Reliev'd from earth, impatient for the skies!

But you, endearing sympathies, that tie
Those knots of love, which make it death to die!—
Ye sweet relationships, whose witcheries give
To ice-bound apathy, a wish to live!—
Rent as ye are—destroy'd the tender chain—
Heaven can unite the sever'd links again!

Thou, lovely mourner, whose distracted eye
Seeks, through the circling earth, and concave sky,
Some phantom form, whose visionary smile
Might Memory of its constancy beguile—
That frantic attitude—that hurried breath—
That cheek whose marble paleness rivals death—
That look of sad content which seems to say—
“The giver’s hand hath snatch’d the gift away,”—
Bespeaks a deep sincerity of grief,
Whose fulness covets, yet defies relief.
What though the morning beam no more shall dart
Refreshing ardor through yon throbless heart—
Though mildew’s trail along that cheek be seen,
And the worm banquets where thy lips have been!—
Let the worm feed, and break the gross control
Which bound in sordid chains his high-born soul—
Let the coil’d glutton revel and reclaim
The mortal baseness that alloy’d his fame—
His worth escapes corruption! Death’s dull night
Is the dark foil that amplifies its light—
The sphere of clouds, amidst whose murky rack,
His rising orb reveals its beauteous track:—
Memory shall balm it with unpurchas’d tears—
Renown defend it from the scathe of years,
In time’s tiara a resplendent trust—
A gem extracted from a century’s dust!

Spirits of power—who tread that heavenly site,
Whence countless suns draw plenitudes of light—
Dart from your dwellings of resplendent day,
And guide the buoyant stranger on his way!
Warders of Paradise—your gates unfold—
Your glowing portals of unmolten gold,—
Seal the new seraph with redemption's kiss,
And greet him home—a denizen of bliss!

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

“ While now I take my last adieu,

“ Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear,

“ Lest yet my tearful eye should view,

“ An object that deserves my care.”

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND!

1.

Oh! land of my fathers, and mine!
The noblest, the best, and the bravest—
Heart-broken and lorn, I resign
The joys and the hopes which thou gavest!

2.

Dear mother of Freedom! farewell!
Even freedom is irksome to me—
Be calm, throbbing heart, nor rebel—
For Reason approves the decree.

3.

Did I love?—Be my witness, high heaven!
That mark'd all my frailties and fears—
I ador'd—but the magic is riven—
Be the memory expung'd by my tears!

4.

The moment of rapture how bright—
How dazzling—how transient its glare—
A comet in splendor and flight—
The herald of darkness and care—

5.

Recollections of tenderness gone,—
Of pleasure no more to return—
A wanderer—an outcast alone—
Oh! leave me, untortur'd, to mourn.

6.

Where—where shall my heart find repose—
A refuge from memory and grief?
The gangrene, wherever it goes,
Disdains a fictitious relief.

7.

Could I trace out that fabulous stream,
Which washes remembrance away—
Again might the eye of Hope gleam
The dawn of a happier day.

8.

Hath wine an oblivious power?—
Can it pluck out the sting from the brain?
The draught may beguile for an hour—
But still leaves behind it the pain.

9.

Can distance or time heal the heart
That bleeds from its innermost pore?
Or intemperance lessen its smart—
Or a cerate apply to its sore?

10.

If I rush to the ultimate pole,
The form I adore will be there—
A phantom to torture my soul—
And mock at my bootless despair.

11.

The zephyr of eve, as it flies,
Will whisper her voice in mine ear—
And, moist with her sorrows and sighs,
Demand for Love's altar a tear.

12.

And still in the dreams of the day—
And still in the visions of night—
Will Fancy her beauties display—
Disordering—deceiving—my sight.

13.

Hence, vain fleeting images, hence!
Grim phantoms that 'wilder my brain—
Mere frauds upon Reason and Sense—
Engender'd by Folly and Pain!

14.

Did I swear on the altar of heaven
My fealty to her I ador'd?
Did she give back the vows I had giv'n—
And plight back the plight of her lord?

15.

If I err'd for a moment from Love,
The error I flew to retrieve—
Kiss'd the heart I had wounded, and strove
To sooth, ere it ventur'd to grieve.

16.

Did I bend, who had ne'er bent before?
Did I sue, who was us'd to command?
Love forc'd me to weep and implore—
And Pride was too weak to withstand!

17.

Then why should one frailty, like mine,
Repented, and wash'd with my tears,
Erase those impressions divine,—
The faith and affection of years?

18.

Was it well, between anger and love,
That Pride the stern umpire should be—
And *that* heart should its flintiness prove
On none, till it prov'd it on me?

19.

And, ah! was it well, when I knelt,
Thy tenderness so to conceal,
That, witnessing all which I felt,
Thy sternness forbad *thee* to feel?

20.

Then, when the dear pledge of our love,
Look'd up to her mother and smil'd—
Say, was there no impulse that strove
To back the appeal of the child?

21.

That bosom, so callous and chill—
So treacherous to love and to me—
Ah! felt it no heart-rending thrill,
As it turn'd from the innocent's plea?

22.

That ear which was open to all
Was ruthlessly clos'd to its lord—
Those accents which fiends would enthrall,
Refus'd a sweet peace-giving word.

23.

And think'st thou, dear object—for still
To my bosom thou only art life,
And, spite of my pride and my will,
I bless thee—I woo thee—my wife—

24.

Oh! think'st thou that absence shall bring
The balm which will give thee relief—
Or time, on its life-wasting wing,
An antidote yield for thy grief?

25.

Thy hopes will be frail as the dream
Which cheats the long moments of night,
But melts in the glare of the beam
Which breaks from the portal of light.

26.

For when on thy babe's smiling face,
Thy features and mine intertwin'd,
The finger of Fancy shall trace—
The spell shall resistlessly bind:

27.

The dimple that dwells on her cheek—
The glances that beam from her eye—
The lisp, as she struggles to speak—
Shall dash every smile with a sigh.

28.

Then I, though whole oceans between
Their billowy barriers may rear—
Shall triumph, though far and unseen—
Unconscious—uncall'd—shall be there.

29.

The cruelty sprang not from thee,
'Twas foreign and foul to thy heart—
That levell'd its arrow at me,
And fix'd the incurable smart.

30.

Ah no! 'twas another than thine,
The hand which assail'd my repose;
It struck—and too fatally mine
The wound, and its offspring of woes.

31.

They hated us both, who destroyed
The buds and the promise of Spring—
For who, to replenish the void,
New ties—new affections—can bring?

32.

Alas! to the heart that is rent,
What nostrums can soundness restore?
Or what, to the bow over-bent,
The spring which it carried before?

33.

The rent heart will fester and bleed,
And fade like the leaf in the blast—
The crack'd yew no more will recede,
Though vig'rous and tough to the last.

34.

I wander—it matters not where—
No clime can restore me my peace—
Or snatch from the frown of Despair,
A cheering—a fleeting release!

35.

How slowly the moments will move!
How tedious the footsteps of years!
When valley and mountain and grove
Shall change—but the scene of my tears!

36.

The classic memorials which nod—
The spot dear to Science and Lore—
Sarcophagus—temple—and sod—
Excite me and ravish no more!

37.

The stork on the perishing wall,
Is better and happier than I—
Content in his ivy-built hall,
He hangs out his home in the sky.

38.

But houseless and heartless, I rove,
My bosom all bar'd to the wind—
The victim of Pride, and of Love—
I seek—but, ah! where can I find?—

39.

I seek what no tribes can bestow—
I ask what no clime can impart—
A charm which can neutralize wo,
And dry up the tears of the heart.

40.

I ask it—I seek it—in vain—

From Ind to the northernmost pole,
Unheeded—unpitied—complain,
And pour out the grief of my soul.

41.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?

What tears shall respond when I weep?
To my wailings what wail shall reply?
What eye mark the vigils I keep?

42.

Even thou—as thou learnest to prate—

Dear babe—while remotely I rove—
Shalt count it a duty—to *hate*
Where Nature commands thee to *love!*

43.

The foul tongue of Malice shall peal

My vices—my faults—in thine ear—
And teach thee, with dæmon-like zeal,
A father's affection to fear.

44.

And oh! if in some distant day,
Thine ear may be struck with my lyre,
And Nature's true index may say—
“It may be—it must be—my sire!”

45.

Perchance to thy prejudic'd eye,
Obnoxious my form may appear—
Even Nature be deaf to my sigh—
And Duty refuse me a tear.

46.

Yet sure in this isle, where my songs
Have echoed from mountain and dell,
Some tongue the sad tale of my wrongs
With grateful emotion may tell.

47.

Some youth, who had valued my lay,
And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran,
To thee, even, may venture to say—
“His frailties were those of a man!”

48.

THEY WERE;—they were human—but swell'd
By Envy and Malice and Scorn—
Each feeling of Nature rebell'd,
And hated the mask it had worn.

49.

Though human the fault—how severe,
How harsh the stern sentence pronounc'd—
Ev'n Pride dropp'd a niggardly tear,
My love as it grimly denounc'd!

50.

'Tis past!—the great struggle is o'er!
The war of my bosom subsides!
And passion's strong current no more
Impels its impetuous tides.

51.

'Tis past! my affections give way—
The ties of my nature are broke—
The summons of Pride I obey,
And break Love's degenerate yoke.

52.

I fly, like a bird of the air,
In search of a home and a rest;
A balm for the sickness of Care—
A bliss for a bosom unblest.

53.

And swift as the swallow that floats—
And bold as the eagle that soars—
Yet dull as the owlet, whose notes
The dark fiend of midnight deploras!

54.

Where gleam the gay splendors of east,
The dance and the bountiful board,
I'll bear me to Luxury's feast,
To exile the form I ador'd.

55.

In full brimming goblets, I'll quaff
The sweets of the Lethean spring,
And join in the Bacchanal's laugh—
And trip in the fairy-form'd ring!

56.

Where Pleasure invites will I roam,
To drown the dull memory of Care—
An exile from Hope and from Home—
A fugitive chas'd by Despair.—

57.

Farewell to thee, land of the brave!
Farewell to thee, land of my birth!
When tempests around thee shall rave,
Still—still—may they homage thy worth!

58.

Wife—infant—and country—and friend—
Ye wizzard my fancy no more—
I fly from your solace, and wend
'To weep on some kindlier shore.

59.

The grim-visag'd fiend of the storm
That raves in this agoniz'd breast—
Still raises his pestilent form—
Till Death calm the tumult to rest.

ODE

TO

THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA.

1.

PEACE to thee, isle of the ocean!

Hail to thy breezes and billows!

Where, rolling its tides, in perpetual devotion,

The white wave its plummy surf pillows!

Rich shall the chaplet be history shall weave thee!

Whose undying verdure shall bloom on thy brow,

When nations that now in obscurity leave thee,

To the wand of oblivion alternately bow!

Unchang'd in thy glory—unstain'd in thy fame—

The homage of ages shall hallow thy name!

2.

Hail to the chief who reposes
On thee the rich weight of his glory!
When fill'd to its limit, life's chronicle closes,
His deeds shall be sacred in story!
His prowess shall rank with the first of all ages,
And monarchs hereafter shall bow to his worth—
The songs of the poets—the lessons of sages,—
Shall hold him the wonder and grace of the earth.
The meteors of history before thee shall fall—
Eclips'd by thy splendor—thou meteor of Gaul!

3.

Hygeian breezes shall fan thee—
Island of glory resplendent!
Pilgrims from nations far distant shall man thee—
Tribes, as thy waves, independent!
On thy far gleaming strand the wanderer shall stay him
To snatch a brief glance at a spot so renown'd—
Each turf and each stone, and each cliff shall delay him,
Where the step of thy exile hath hallow'd thy ground!
From him shalt thou borrow a lustre divine—
The wane of his sun was the rising of thine!

4.

Whose were the hands that enslav'd him?

Hands which had weakly withstood him—

Nations which while they had oftentimes brav'd him,

Never till now had subdued him!

Monarchs—who oft to his clemency stooping,

Receiv'd back their crowns from the plunder of war—

The vanquisher vanquish'd—the eagle now drooping—

Would quench with their sternness the ray of his star!

But cloth'd in new splendor the glory appears—

And rules the ascendant—the planet of years.

5.

Pure be the health of thy mountains!

Rich be the green of thy pastures!

Limpid and lasting the streams of thy fountains!

Thine annals unstain'd by disasters!

Supreme in the ocean a rich altar swelling,

Whose shrine shall be hail'd by the prayers of man-
kind—

Thy rock beach the rage of the tempest repelling—

The wide-wasting contest of wave and of wind—

Aloft on thy battlements long be unfurl'd

The eagle that decks thee—the pride of the world!

6.

Fade shall the lily, now blooming—

Where is the hand which can nurse it?

Nations who rear'd it shall watch its consuming—

Untimely mildews shall curse it.

Then shall the violet that blooms in the vallies

Impart to the gale its reviving perfume—

Then when the spirit of Liberty rallies

To chant forth its anthems on Tyranny's tomb,

Wide Europe shall fear lest thy star should break forth,

Eclipsing the pestilent orbs of the north!

TO MY DAUGHTER,
ON THE
MORNING OF HER BIRTH.

1.

HAIL—to this teeming stage of strife—
Hail, lovely miniature of life!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!
Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How could I fainly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

2.

'Tis Nature's worship—felt—confess'd,
Far as the life which warms the breast:—
The sturdy savage, 'midst his clan,
The rudest portraiture of man,

In trackless woods and boundless plains,
Where everlasting wildness reigns,
Owns the still throb—the secret start—
The hidden impulse of the heart.

3.

Dear babe! ere yet upon thy years
The soil of human vice appears—
Ere Passion hath disturb'd thy cheek,
And prompted what thou dar'st not speak—
Ere that pale lip is blanch'd with Care,
Or from those eyes shoot fierce Despair,
Would I could wake thine untun'd ear,
And gust it with a father's pray'r.

4.

But little reck'st thou, oh my child!
Of travail on Life's thorny wild!
Of all the dangers—all the woes
Each tottering footstep which inclose—
Ah, little reck'st thou of the scene,
So darkly wrought, that spreads between
The little all we here can find,
And the dark mystic sphere behind!

5.

Little reck'st thou, my earliest born—
Of clouds which gather round thy morn—
Of arts to lure thy soul astray—
Of snares that intersect thy way—
Of secret foes—of friends untrue—
Of fiends who stab the hearts they woo—
Little thou reck'st of this sad store—
Would thou might'st never reckon more!

6.

But thou wilt burst this transient sleep—
And thou wilt wake, my babe, to weep--
The tenant of a frail abode,
'Thy tears must flow, as mine have flow'd—
Beguil'd by follies, every day,
Sorrow must wash the faults away—
And thou may'st wake perchance, to prove,
The pang of unrequited love.

7.

Unconscious babe! though on that brow
No half-fledg'd misery nestles now—
Scarce round those placid lips a smile
Maternal fondness shall beguile,

Ere the moist footsteps of a tear
Shall plant their dewy traces there,
And prematurely pave the way
For sorrows of a riper day.

8.

Oh! could a father's pray'r repel
The eye's sad grief—the bosom's swell!
Or could a father hope to bear
A darling child's allotted care—
Then thou, my babe, should'st slumber still,
Exempted from all human ill,
A parent's love thy peace should free,
And ask its wounds again for thee.

9.

Sleep on, my child; the slumber brief
Too soon shall melt away to grief—
Too soon the dawn of wo shall break,
And briny rills bedew that cheek—
Too soon shall Sadness quench those eyes—
That breast be agoniz'd with sighs—
And Anguish o'er the beams of noon
Lead clouds of Care—ah! much too soon!

10.

Soon wilt thou reckon of cares unknown—
Of wants and sorrows all thine own—
Of many a pang, and many a wo,
'That thy dear sex alone can know—
Of many an ill—untold—unsung—
That will not—may not find a tongue—
But kept conceal'd, without control,
Spread the fell cancers of the soul!

11.

Yet be thy lot, my babe, more blest—
May Joy still animate thy breast!
Still, 'midst thy least propitious days,
Shedding its rich inspiring rays!
A father's heart shall daily bear
Thy name upon its secret pray'r—
And as he seeks his last repose,
Thine image ease Life's parting throes.

12.

Then hail, sweet miniature of life!
Hail, to this teeming stage of strife!
Pilgrim of many cares untold!
Lamb of the world's extended fold!

Fountain of hopes and doubts and fears!
Sweet promise of ecstatic years!
How could I faintly bend the knee,
And turn idolater to thee!

TO THE

LILY OF FRANCE.

1.

ERE thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind,
False emblem of innocence, stay—
And yield as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
The lesson that marks thy decay.

2.

Thou wert fair as the beam of the morn—
And rich as the pride of the mine:—
Thy charms are all faded, and hatred and scorn—
The curses of Freedom, are thine.

3.

Thou wert gay in the smiles of the world—
Thy shadow protection and power—
But now thy bright blossom is shrivell'd and curl'd—
The grace of thy country no more.

4.

For Corruption hath fed on thy leaf—
And Bigotry weaken'd thy stem—
Now those who have fear'd thee, shall smile at thy
grief,
And those who ador'd thee condemn.

5.

The valley that gave thee thy birth
Shall weep for the hope of its soil—
The legions, that fought for thy beauty and worth,
Shall hasten to share in thy spoil.

6.

As a bye-word, thy blossom shall be
A mock and a jest among men—
The proverb of slaves, and the sneer of the free,
In city, and mountain, and glen.

7.

Oh! 'twas Tyranny's pestilent gale
That scatter'd thy buds on the ground—
That threw the blood-stain on thy virgin-white veil—
And pierc'd thee with many a wound!

8.

Then thy puny leaf shook to the wind—
Thy stem gave its strength to the blast,—
Thy full bursting blossom its promise resign'd,
And fell to the storm as it pass'd.

9.

For no patriot vigour was there—
No arm to support the weak flow'r,
Destruction pursued its dark herald—Despair—
And wither'd its grace in an hour.

10.

Yet there were who pretended to grieve—
There were who pretended to save—
Mere shallow empirics who came to deceive—
' To revel and sport on its grave—

11.

Oh thou land of the lily, in vain
Thou strugglest to raise its pale head!
The faded bud never shall blossom again—
The violet will bloom in its stead!

12.

As thou scatterest thy leaf to the wind—
False emblem of innocence, stay—
And yield, as thou fad'st, for the use of mankind,
This lesson to mark thy decay!

TO MIRA.

1.

THE memory of pleasure how sweetly it beams,
When the substance has ceas'd to delight,
As the silver of moonlight that pensively gleams,
And tempers the sadness of night.
Not the slow-footed march, nor the absence of years,
Nor distance, nor revelry sheen,
Can root out the form which affection endears,
Or the traces of joys which have been.

2.

No, Mira, I cannot forget if I would,
The glance which first taught me to love,
The smile that to young hope imparted its food,
Nor the tongue which forbad me to rove;
Thy features entwin'd round my soul shall remain
Like the ivy and oak in one tether,
And the heart-cherish'd image its hold shall retain
Till life and it perish together.

TO THE SAME.

1.

Could we call back, dear Mira, the hours which are past,
And fashion their courses anew,
The sunshine of Love should eternally last,
And joy give the seasons their hue.
Rich graces should gild the young Spring-time of life,
Its Summer charm'd essences greet—
The dull days of Autumn with rapture be rife,
And Winter's black bitterness sweet.
Like the Lark would we welcome the coming of day,
Like Philomel carol to night,
Still sportively fond, and unceasingly gay,
Till Fate close the book of delight.

2.

But since fleeting moments no more will return,
Nor give us Life's morning again,
The wisdom of Love let us practise, and learn
To gather its fruits ere they wane.

The dawn of delight, like Aurora's young beam,
Shines sweet from a storm-mantled sky,—
And of all Nature's flowers, those the loveliest seem,
Which can but just blossom and die.
Shall we then despair who have Summers in store?
Oh no! 'twere a treason to Love—
Ere long shall gay Hope speak in ecstasy's lore,
And joy in the garlands it wove.



ON A FINE MORNING AFTER A STORM.

Published in the Aurora, in 1818.

Oh morning of beauty, serene and unclouded,
Whose smile gives to Nature its Summer costume;
Renews the rich blossoms the tempest had shrouded,
And breathes o'er the landscape a generous perfume!
How like is thy charm to the magic of Hope,
In the soul where Despair had establish'd its sway,
Whose touch gives each faculty vigor to cope
With the heart chilling despot of doubt and dismay.
How like is thy spell to the fond bosom panting,
When Love has unbuckled its girdle of sweets,
And modestly shrinking, yet sportively granting,
Affects to disrelish the rapture it greets.
How like is thy sunshine to Liberty's ray,
That breaks in the captive's Cimmerian cell,
Whose glance breaks the grasp of his fetters away,
And scares back the fiend of Oppression to hell.

Oh morning of beauty! o'er forest and fountain,
May each blush of day hail thy coming again,—
Be food to the valley, and grace to the mountain,
And hue to the wild flower that blooms in the glen.

ON MY BROTHER'S MARRIAGE.

1.

Yes, there are periods in the flight of years,
So sweet that blundering sophistry might deem
The joy of Life a treacherous varnish wears,
And blooms, to wither, like a mid-day dream:—
Months roll away; successive seasons pour
Darkness and Day, alternate sun and shower;
Moons change; the lesser planets of the night
Urge round the skies their corruseles of light;
Yet still, uncheck'd, the tides of rapture run,
More lovely far, than when they first begun,
And as surrounding objects fade away,
This bliss of soul inherits no decay.

2.

Such be the joy of this delightful hour!
A bright exeception from the transient train,
Which Passion weaves in Folly's motley bower;
Leading its dupes to Penitence and Pain.

Oh, as the sand of Being runs to waste,
And Life ebbs fast from visions once embrac'd,
Still may the memory of this day impart
Reflected raptures, glowing round each heart—
Oh, may my Brother's lips affection speak,
And Pleasure's carmine paint my Sister's cheek,
And each succeeding year the sum increase
Of days of Comfort, Constancy and Peace.

3.

Be his the task—prolific in delight—

From those dear lids to chase the wing of Care,
To charm with Love the moments in their flight,

And half her Joys, and all her Griefs to bear:—

Be her's—in mazes of melodious measure,—

To tempt each cadence of domestic pleasure;

While Morn's light fingers rosy garlands weave,

To gem Noon's brow, and grace the crest of eve;

And when the dream of Life shall reach its close,

And wearied Nature stagger to repose,

May each twin-spirit, Earth's frail texture riv'n,

Rise to the richer ecstacies of Heaven!

IMPROMPTU,

ON BEING ASKED TO CONSTRUE THE LINE,

“NON OMNES POSSUMUS OMNIA.”

Soaring on Melody's wild wing,

Soprano warbles what *I* write:

How chang'd the effect, were *I* to sing,

And *he* the poetry indite!

IMPROMPTU,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO
ADDRESS HER WITH A POETICAL COMPLIMENT.

1.

OH, sweet is the music which beauty inspires!
And sweet is the song of the soul!
When the brain is illum'd by the heart's glowing fires,
And the graces the subject control!
You ask a poor poet your charms to rehearse,
And the task would chill Apathy warm,
But what pencil could picture, or pen string to verse,
What a God must have studied to form?

2.

The poor silly insect that thoughtlessly plays
Round the flame which is pregnant with fate,
While lur'd by the lustre, is scorch'd in the blaze,
And feels its full danger too late:

So the poet, presumptuous, who dares to portray
The likeness of charms so divine,
Must inhale the strong poison which lurks in the lay,
And wound his own heart with the line!

HYMN.

1.

THY power, Almighty Lord, prevails,
Far as the Ocean billows roll;
And drowsy calms and blustering gales
Proclaim it to the latest pole!—

2.

Where tropic climes in gaudy pride
Expand beneath the vertic ray;
Or where eternal winters hide
The genial atmosphere of day!

3.

Thy name and providence are known
Where'er the breath of Nature flies,
Thy glories burst on either zone,
From Lapland as from Indian skies!

4.

Tornadoes at thy bidding roar,
And earthquakes rend th' imperious steep;
The billows lash the trembling shore,
Or die in silence on the deep!

5.

Resplendent spheres! Worlds infinite!—
That, group'd in dazzling harmony,
Form the rich diadem of Night,
Pour glorious tribute forth to thee!

6.

And thou shalt be, when Earth shall fade,
And all these glimmering worlds decay,
In matchless majesty array'd,
The sun of an eternal day!

TO

ROBERT CAMPBELL MAYWOOD, ESQUIRE.

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, LONDON.

*On witnessing his splendid exertions in the tragic walks of
the Drama.—Philadelphia, March, 1819.*

FAREWELL the ranting school,—the measur'd tone
Ever to Nature, now to Taste unknown!
Farewell, ye ten feet syllables, that travel
To the strain'd ear, like broad wheel carts on gravel,
Lazy and long, bombastically full,
Sublimely mad, or impotently dull!
Hail, MAYWOOD, hail!—whose skill, opposing art,
Through Nature's coil, strikes boldly on the heart—
Breaks all the slumbering spells in Passion's bower,
And makes dark Prejudice confess thy power—
Hail to the land, where Taste and Judgment still
In infant lawlessness run wild at will!

Hail to the land, where Freedom's morning ray
 O'er yet untravell'd empires scatters day!
 Here be thy talent sanctioned, and as Time
 Unfolds its graces to this devious clime—
 Recall our erring habits, and in spite
 Of Custom's cank'ring jaundice, make us right.

When foul Ingratitude's envenom'd sting,
 Pierc'd the worn bosom of the lonely king,
 Touch'd by thy powers, how started from the stage
 The living echo of the vanish'd age!
 Brought by the lens of genius to the eye,
 The LEAR of generations long gone by,
 In all his grief insanity and pain
 Rush'd o'er the eye, and whelm'd the heart again!
 The wealthy villain, *Massinger** gave down
 From times of earliest guilt to warn our own,
 Portrayed by thee, casts off its hyperbole,
 And lives the being of the Poet's soul!

The *Moor*, suspicion blighted, whose scathed heart
 Showed his dark features' darker counterpart,
 No *art-created monster* burst from thee,
 But passion's madman, Nature's prodigy!
 Thy bold conception, as the master drew,
 Caught Truth's rich colouring, and inspired the *Jew*,†

* Sir Giles Overreach.

† Shylock.

Gave *Richard* all his hideousness of guile,
The scorn of virtue, the demoniac smile,
The fiend-like purpose, and the side-long sneer,
Which glanc'd his guilt before he told the ear—
Yet cloth'd his purpose with so mild a face,
Such looks of honesty, such words of grace,
And seal'd his penitence with words so riv'n,
From all solemnity of Earth and Heaven,
And with such pathos ministered to dry
Sorrow's young tear, and film Suspicion's eye,
That murdered *Ann* might live anew, and fain
With art so deep be woo'd and won again.

The son of *Denmark*, generous, pious, brave,
Rous'd to the work of Justice from the grave,
Thy skill portrayed, and with such feeling threw,
The varied portrait on the gazer's view,
That wondering crowds beheld, embodied fair,
All that the bard conceived or centered there—
The moody madness, and the changeful mien,
The searching eye, still to its purpose keen,
'Midst all the courtly revelries that came
Between the swelling vengeance and its aim—
The glance of fitful tenderness, that shone
From his scathed heart, when Heaven alone look'd on

From vile bombast and sordid fustian free,
Burst forth in Nature's holiness from thee.

When dark-eyed Vengeance from a father's grave,
Sear'd all the feelings of the royal slave,
What soul could mark thy *Zanga* unsubdued?
What eye behold, nor kindle as it view'd?
While from the wounded breast with venom fill'd,
The subtle poison mortally distill'd,
And, through Alonzo's ear, with reckless rage,
Pour'd the fell draught no medicine could assuage:—
No actor then—'twas Nature's potent thrall
From voice, look, gesture, broke and conquer'd all!—
Of Pride and Passion self-slain sacrifice,
When haughty *Mortimer*,* surpris'd by vice,
Shrank from himself, in dark seclusion pin'd,
And met his punishment in all mankind:
Twice thine to explore the hell where Passion's storm
In black embryos rag'd, to grasp and form
Each rebel spirit, and with talent's grace
To charter'd conscience bend a lawless race!
And when the powerless sluices that restrain
The breast's tumultuous torrents, burst in twain,
And Honour's sunder'd robe, and mounting Pride
The deep defiling stain no more could hide,

* The Iron Chest.

Like thine, what counterfeit can e'er impart
That last dread image of the severing heart;
Or with stern Terror's talisman control
The subject sense, and strike the shuddering soul!—
In the dark solitudes of caverns drear,
Where Madness nurs'd her moody *Mountaineer*,
Portray'd by thee, the fitful misanthrope,
Loves scorch'd up branch, a renegade from Hope,
A darker shade of melancholy wears,
A duskier garb of agonies and cares;
And when the dawn of rapture breaks again,
Like gleams of sunshine o'er a stormy main,
How rich, how bright, thy swift transition throws
A scattering radiance o'er retiring woes,
And wins each feeling from the grasp of pain,
By Nature's strength, to ecstasy again!—
BERTRAM, outlaw'd at once of Heaven and Earth,
A graft of misery on a stem of worth—
A broken fragment from a rock of might—
A soul of glory, sepulchred in night—
In love, joy, hope—in sense and spirit riven,
Through all the labyrinths of madness driven—
Trac'd by thy genius through the maze of crime,
Through guilt, unchang'd by travel as by time—
Blaz'd with such furious force—such lack of ruth—
Such wild and withering energy of truth—

That Nature's self admir'd, what Fancy nurs'd,
 And frantic Feeling pitied, while it curs'd!—
 But nobler far, when stern *Penruddock* stood,
 A blighted trunk 'mid beings plenitude,
 When, all forsaking, as by all forsook,
 He fled the scorn his pride refus'd to brook,
 And in the loneliness of Nature strove,
 To hide the memory of insulted Love;—
 And when, his vengeful appetite to greet,
 Fate cast the base insulter at his feet,
 And all the past, a murky, maddening train,
 Rush'd back, like greedy vampires, o'er the brain,
 Hatred, Pride, Revenge, controll'd the varying hour,
 And countless hearts paid tribute to thy power!

Shall Taste repine, that Nature's hand confin'd
 The body's stature, when it fram'd the mind;
 Abridg'd the clay-wrought casket of its dole,
 And merely gave magnificence of soul?—
 The Stage would yield rich models for the town;
 Gay six feet drawlers; babies overgrown;
 Knaves without wit; channels of sound, not sense;
 Ingenious THUMBS, and GOGS in impotence!
 "Perish the thought!" th' indignant Gallery cries:—
 "Perish the thought!" the critic Pit replies:—

While from each Box, with wit and judgment crown'd,
Enraptur'd Beauty echoes back the sound!

What though the potencies of habit bind
The chains of Error round the darkling mind—
What though stern Prejudice obstructs the way,
And dims the dawning of Conviction's day—
Thy genius shall pursue its steady flight,
And ride triumphant o'er the mists of night—
Misjudging Ignorance and rash Conceit,
Shall fall subdued, and grovel at thy feet,
And rebel Art exclaim, with abject mien,
“ I yield, anointed Nature,—thou art queen!”

THE END.

Med. Hist.

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